WHY PEOPLE LIKE YOU JOINED THE CIA

WATERGATE: TWO WHO GOT AWAY

The Washington Monthly

NOVEMBER 1976/$1.50

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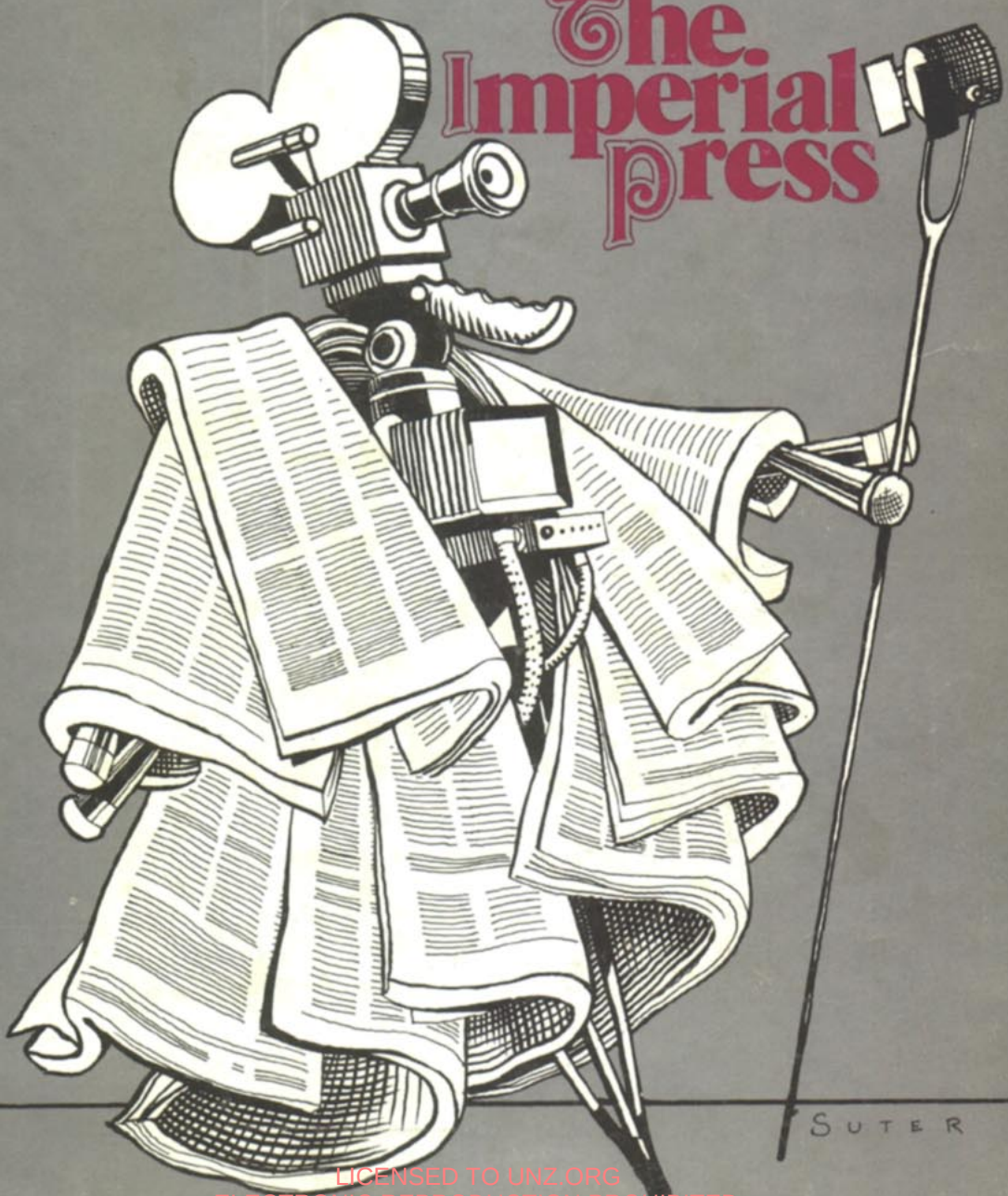

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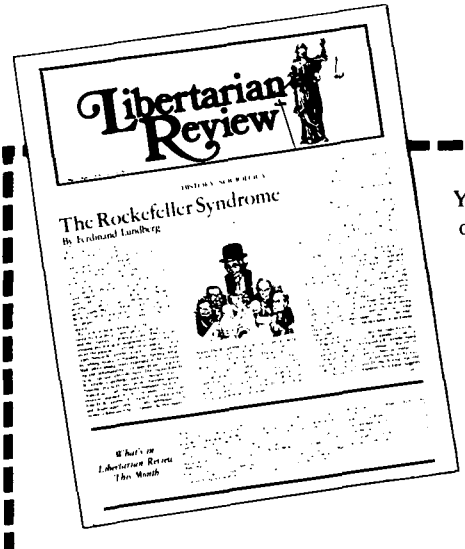

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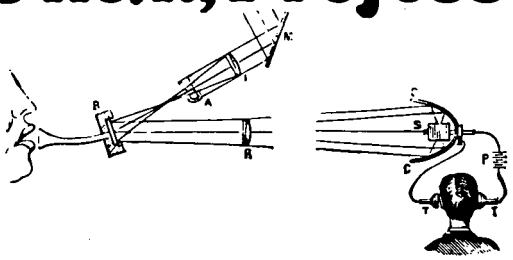
What's next, Professor Bell?



The photophone transmitted voices on a beam of light in 1880.

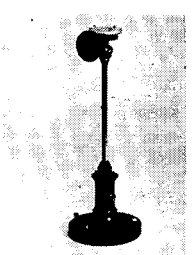
Alexander Graham Bell

"The greatest invention I have ever made; greater than the telephone." That's how Alexander Graham Bell rated his photophone, patented four years after the telephone, to transmit conversations on a beam of light. (Photophone = light-sound.) He actually demonstrated lightwave transmission of voices, but it would be nearly a century before it would become a practical reality.

The photophone was one of many ideas Bell proposed to improve the usefulness of his basic invention. Working with him on improvements were his assistants Thomas A. Watson, who received the world's first telephone call on March 10, 1876, and Charles S. Tainter. The sort of work they did would be called today "research and development".

Bell envisaged a telephone network linking the cities of the nation and eventually the whole world. But a voice could travel only a limited distance over a wire before it weakened and became inaudible. So the first phones depended heavily on lung power. It is no coincidence that we speak of telephone "calls", or that the word "hello", the standard greeting in phone conversations, is kin to "holler".

For years many people looked for a way to make a voice reach from coast to coast, including engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company (the parent company of the Bell System), and its manufacturing and supply arm, the Western Electric Company. Some telephone people were much interested by a paper read to the American Institute of Electrical Engineers on October 20, 1906, by Dr. Lee de Forest. The paper described de Forest's new "audion" tube, a version of the vacuum tube used at that time in radio receiving sets. Basic theory told de Forest that his invention should detect *and amplify* tiny electric currents, such as those coming over the telephone



In 1886 this special telephone set was used for long distance calls.

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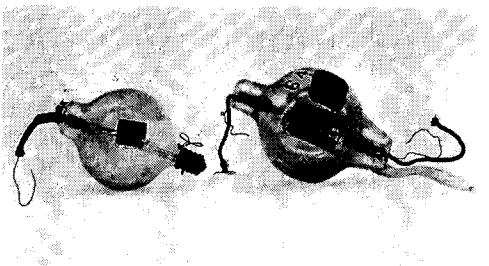
wire. But his early models failed at amplification. He continued working on his own. And telephone engineers pursued other solutions.

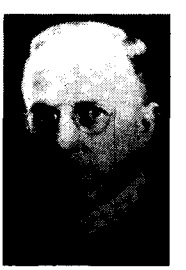
By 1912 de Forest was ready to demonstrate an improved audion that did operate as an amplifier, although imperfectly. In the group of telephone people assembled for one of de Forest's demonstrations was Harold D. Arnold, 29, a brilliant physicist hired the year before. Arnold identified at once the audion's major problem: the vacuum pump de Forest was using left too much air inside the tube, with the result that its performance was erratic and unpredictable. As a consequence of financial support by AT&T of the Bell System's research and development program, Arnold could obtain the newest pumping equipment and achieve a much higher vacuum, and within a year he had the amplifier needed. AT&T and Western Electric engineers made further circuit changes needed for telephony, AT&T management arranged for manufacture under de Forest's basic patent, and the amplifier went into production. On January 25, 1915, Bell in New York repeated to Watson in San Francisco his famous words, "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you."



Lee de Forest's audion and an improved version developed by H. D. Arnold for long distance telephony.

As the telecommunications industry grew, the vacuum tube was improved many times, but by the 1940s it was reaching its inherent limitations. Scientists at Bell Laboratories saw promise in a class of materials called semiconductors. From their carefully thought-out search came the discovery in 1947 of the transistor effect—the amplification and control of the flow of electrons in a solid material. Again the enormous problems of putting the discovery into practical form were far more quickly and expertly solved by collaboration between people at Bell Labs and Western Electric than could ever have been the case otherwise.

The story of the search for ways to strengthen telephone voices shows, in a rather simple way, many of the elements of the Bell System's research and development effort as it is carried on today: A perceived need in telephone operations. Corporate management that emphasizes service improvement. A commitment to exploration in relevant areas of basic science. A development effort, adequately funded, to move from discovery to practical use. Free exchange of information among people in research, development and manufacturing. And finally use of the discovery in equipment or a product to meet the need originally perceived. That final stage is what gives a laboratory discovery the right to be truly called an "innovation". And the expectation that applicable new knowledge will be used in the Bell System makes it possible to commit each year the millions of



H. D. Arnold

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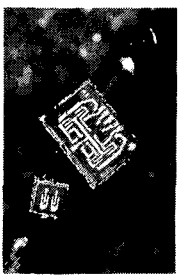
dollars necessary to search for it.

The amplifier story has an extra dimension, the use of innovations in many fields outside telephony. That is true of much Bell System research and development. It is corporate policy to publish new findings, to make new technology available to other companies through licensing arrangements, and to exchange technology with others. Vacuum tubes made possible radiotelephones, television broadcasting, improved phonographs and sound motion pictures. Scientists and engineers working for the Bell System made many contributions to all these innovations and the new industries that sprang from them. But the main objective of their investigations has been the improvement of the nation's telecommunications network and the myriad of services it provides.

The transistor, in its turn, gave birth to the whole new industry of solid-state electronics. It made practical such developments as the large-capacity computer for data processing, high-speed transmission of data between computers, space travel and communications via space satellites. Most important for the ordinary telephone user, the transistor made possible a new generation of switching machines for routing calls to their destinations—machines controlled by instructions stored in changeable memories. These electronic switching systems, now being installed, are many times faster than the best electromechanical systems. They provide enormously increased capacity and flexibility to meet the growth needs of the 1980s.

It is characteristic of a technologically oriented industry that technology must be prepared in anticipation of needs. The search requires a huge investment, both of time and money. And success depends on careful planning and close coordination of effort, in a process that runs from basic scientific exploration through fundamental development work, specific design, manufacturing capability, distribution and delivery to the ultimate consumer. For many industries, including telecommunications, the process also includes activities in maintenance, servicing and operation.



The transistor was invented at Bell Labs in 1947. Today, thousands of transistors can be made on one tiny integrated circuit chip.

In the Bell System, that process involves twenty-three regional operating companies, plus Bell Labs, Western Electric and the Long Lines Department. All these parts share one goal: to provide telecommunications services at the lowest possible cost to everyone.

Electronic switching systems, now in wide use, provide high speed and flexibility for the nation's telecommunications needs.

Such cooperation produces results.

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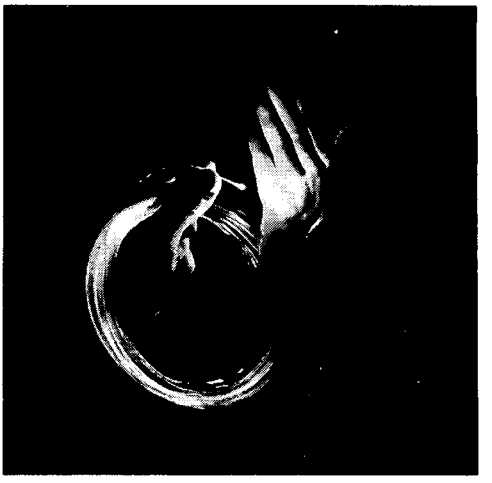
According to the June 28, 1976, issue of *Business Week*:

> By almost any measure, Bell Labs has contributed more to the telecommunications industry and more to the U.S. economy than any other research establishment....A major part of Bell Labs' charter is to keep well ahead in technology so that no significant development applicable to telecommunications will be unavailable to the Bell System. The bargaining power made available through extensive patent holdings gives AT&T ready access to the inventions of others when the company needs them.

Since 1925, the people at Bell Labs and Western Electric have received more than 24,000 U.S. patents, which have been made widely available to all of U.S. industry and the world.

Bell System research and development work is well underway on new communications technologies to meet the needs of telephone service in the future. For example, Bell scientists and engineers are now working on a practical way to use lightwaves for communications. They have already developed pinpoint light sources—light-emitting diodes, and lasers no larger than a grain of sand. (Both projects benefited from earlier Bell research on semiconductors.) To carry light around corners, or under city streets, they are using tiny strands of ultra-transparent glass called "lightguides." Right now an experimental lightwave communications system is being tested by Bell Labs and Western Electric engineers in Atlanta. Light and glass may one day join electricity and copper wire in the nationwide telecommunications network, and we may in fact "talk by light". Those are Alexander Graham Bell's words, describing his photophone.



Lightwave communications technology, now being tested, uses new solid-state light sources and glass fibers to transmit phone calls.

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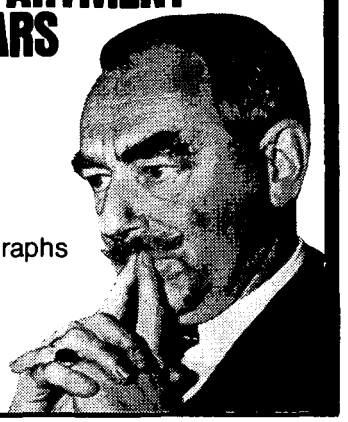

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Going Home

by Nicholas Lemann

A curious fact: geographical mobility in America has been rising steadily since 1900. Americans' pace of moving gradually slowed in the last decades of the 19th century, as the frontier stopped at the Pacific, until at the turn of the century it reached an all-time low. Then, instead of staying stable, mobility began to rise again, slowly and inexorably, so that by 1960 it was the highest it had been since the Census Bureau began to measure it, and now it's just a tenth of a percentage point below that all-time high. In 1970 only a little more than half of the population had been living in the same house for five years. Last year the Bell telephone system discon-

Nicholas Lemann is an editor of The Washington Monthly.

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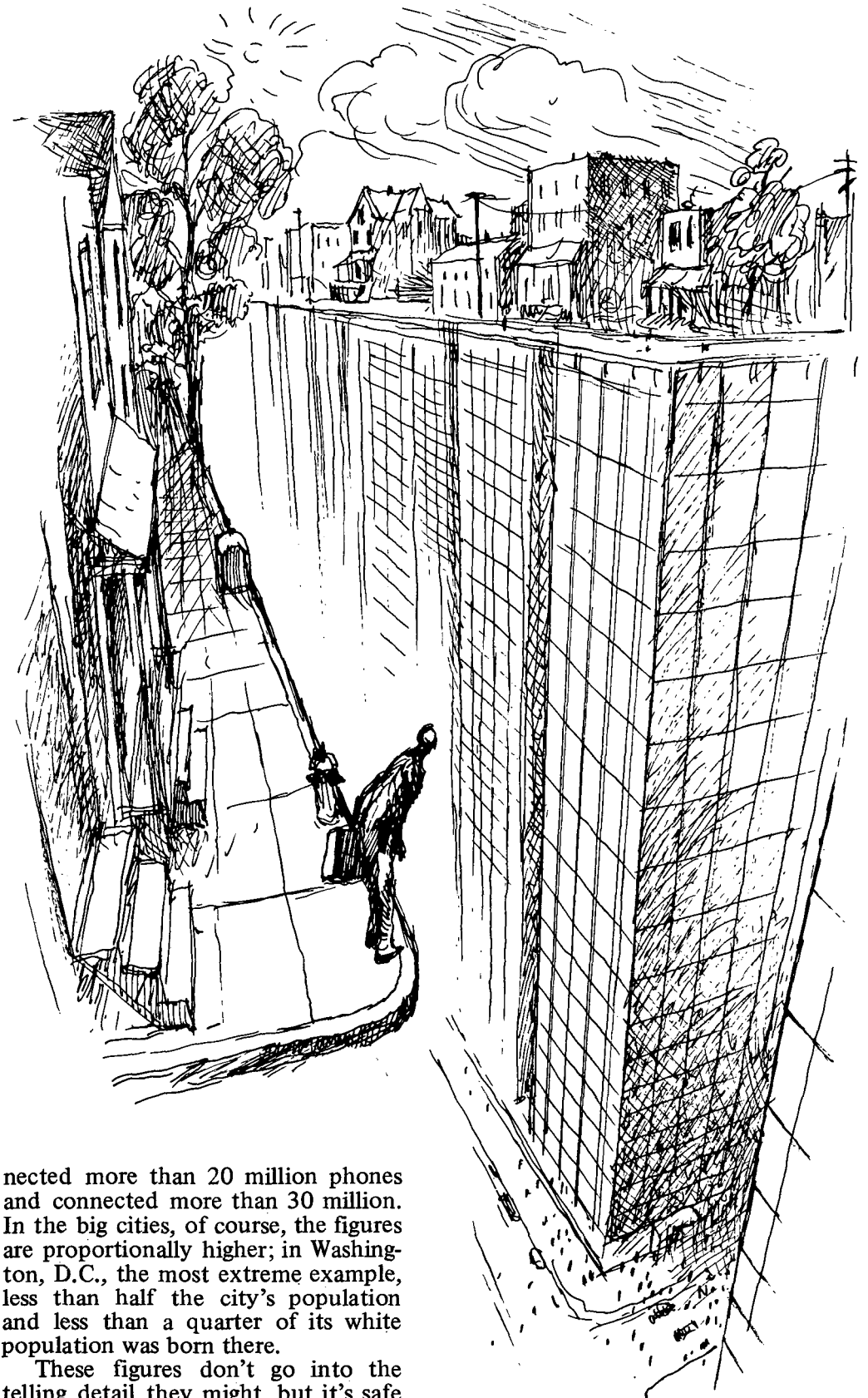

nected more than 20 million phones and connected more than 30 million. In the big cities, of course, the figures are proportionally higher; in Washington, D.C., the most extreme example, less than half the city's population and less than a quarter of its white population was born there.

These figures don't go into the telling detail they might, but it's safe

Drawings by Dave Suter

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to say that mobility runs highest at the top end of the spectrum—the young, bright, and ambitious are the ones who are moving, and the old and poor the ones who are staying put. The reasons for this syndrome are several. Improved transportation and communication are the most obvious, but there are at least two others of equal or greater importance.

One is that America is becoming fairer, more meritocratic, and as it does it becomes more systematized on a national level. There is, for instance, one company—the Educational Testing Service of Princeton, New Jersey—that now tests and records the aptitude of virtually every person growing up in America. The results of these tests—the entire national population, ranked according to merit—play a large part in sending people on to college, graduate school, and jobs. Along with other means of measurement, the test results make possible the efficient channeling of the brightest people, wherever they may be, to the largest and most powerful institutions, where they are paid and challenged the most. In an age of hereditary privilege no one would have bothered to look very far for talent; in an age without computer technology, a nationwide talent search would have been impossible anyway; and all in all, people would have stayed put more.

As the logistical horizons of Americans' lives have expanded, their own expectations have too, and that adds to mobility as well. People are getting less and less likely, for technological and financial reasons that have seeped deep into their psyches, to shrug their shoulders and accept life the way their parents lived it. There is more and more striving for personal fulfillment, for making whatever moves are necessary for achieving happiness. As Americans feel increasingly in control of their lives rather than in the hands of fate, as their expectations of life grow greater, they are increasingly likely to move in search of something better: more money, better weather, more stimulation, or, perhaps chiefly, to meet more people like themselves.

Besides all that, there's another root of the mobility phenomenon, one having to do with the image of provincial America. There is a persistent, pleasant image of the American small town, but it's a long-ago one, fixed at about 1900, the least mobile time in the last century. This fondly chronicled turn-of-the-century hometown was, sadly, not long for this world. When American Heritage published this year a book called *Hometown U.S.A.*, about what it calls "the good old days," it limited the content to "what life was like 75 years ago." After that, we don't remember things as being so good in small towns.

The image of the American hometown changed rather abruptly, in fact, when a generation of writers and intellectuals who themselves had forsaken the provinces for the Northeastern cities began painting a detailed, unflattering picture of small-

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town life. They wrote at a time when agricultural depression and urbanization were severely hurting the small town, but their work was born out of spiritual, rather than economic, causes. Malcolm Cowley, writing 30 years later about the way the attitudes of his generation were formed in the second and third decades of this century, said: "Looking backward, I feel that our whole training was involuntarily directed toward destroying whatever roots we had in the soil, toward eradicating our local and regional peculiarities, toward making us homeless citizens of the world."

A Wholly Negative Impression

Which, indeed, is what they became. After leaving home for Greenwich Village, they rejected America as a whole and set sail for France, feeling, in Cowley's words, that "life in this country is joyless and colorless, universally standardized, tawdry, uncreative, given over to the worship of wealth and machinery." The legacy of that attitude is quite a considerable volume of writing that paints American hometown life as, well, typical of American life in general, with all the flaws Cowley listed. The tradition of American anti-provincial literature is today a strong one, and it has seeped deeply into the popular culture as well. Perhaps the most influential promulgator of provincial America's bad image was Sinclair Lewis.

Carol Kennicott was the first of Lewis' great protagonists, trapped in the dull and narrow-minded town Gopher Prairie of the 1920 novel *Main Street*. Her burden is by now a familiar one: having to withstand the crushing emptiness of the American small town, an emptiness that Lewis built a career by chronicling. In actual fact Lewis and Carol Kennicott were more ambivalent about Gopher Prairie than memory would indicate, but that doesn't matter now—the impression that endures is a wholly negative one.

Toward the end of *Main Street* Carol Kennicott leaves Gopher Prairie for Washington, D. C., and finds "a Washington which did not cleave to Main Street." Washington is presented, in fact, as the absolute polar opposite of Gopher Prairie, as having all that the Midwestern town lacks. For Carol, like most people coming to the capital for a short time from somewhere else, it is heaven: "Here she found home, her own place and her own people. . . . Washington was associated with people, scores of them, sitting about the flat, talking, talking, not always wisely but always excitedly."

That kind of attitude runs, in one form or another, from Sherwood Anderson to Thomas Wolfe to Norman Mailer, and today it's in wide acceptance. Washington, and the rest of the Northeast, is full of Carol Kennicotts, people whose brains and ambition carried them away from their dull if beloved hometowns to an exciting life at the center of things. Like Carol, they may have to return home eventually; but like her, they'd rather not. The choice between home and New York, or Washington, or wherever, is an easy, lopsided one.

Perhaps the best statement of the modern mobility ethic—what runs through the mind of a young person moving to the Northeast—is Willie Morris's aptly titled autobiography, *North Toward Home*. Because he is almost obsessively Southern, acutely aware of and perhaps a little guilty about his estrangement from his hometown in Mississippi, Morris sees the process with a clarity that someone who went through it more painlessly would not. He explains, perhaps a little too charitably, the move to New York by people like him like this:

"Why did we come? Not because the materials for our work did not exist in those places we knew best. Not merely for fame and money and success, for these also some of us could have had, and perhaps in more civilized ways, in places far removed from New York. Not even because we

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wanted to try ourselves in the big time, and out of curiosity to see how good the competition was. We had always come, the most ambitious of us, because we *had* to, because the ineluctable pull of the cultural capital when the wanderlust was high was too compelling to resist."

For Washington, there's no similar chronicle, but the process exists, perhaps even accentuated. It's possible to follow its trace through the constant stream of my-life-in-the-government memoirs, which invariably start with a few chapters about a happy youth in the outlands. A particularly convenient example, because of its title, is William O. Douglas' memoirs: *Go East, Young Man.* Like Morris, Douglas had severely mixed feelings about coming to his eventual home (in fact, claims throughout the book that Washington is *not* his home). But when in his mid-twenties he hops a freight from Washington state to New York, arriving with six cents in his pockets, the move seems inevitable, and it is, in fact, the most powerful image in the book.

Boosterism and Intolerance

Out of the mass of materials on the mobility ethic emerge many quite understandable reasons for coming to the Northeast. Small towns in America, as Lewis and others have abundantly pointed out, have their drawbacks. Perhaps chief among them to Lewis was the spirit of boosterism, which was a thin mask for plain intolerance—one couldn't criticize the status quo, or live life except by a narrow set of social, political, and intellectual standards. Life was restricted and dull and devoid of variety. One was practically born into an unchangeable role, unable to rise or to strike out on one's own. To all this the big city provided a refreshing, immediate alternative.

As far as work specifically went, there were also compelling reasons not to be in small towns: a tendency, as America got more centralized, to be taking orders from people in big cities, and a difficulty in being able to do exactly what one wanted. Most people move to the Northeast for professional reasons; in fields like government, or drama, or advertising, one practically has to go there, and in most other professions the best people and institutions are concentrated in the Northeast. One goes to test oneself against the competition and to meet the like-minded people that competition attracts. Even one's free time seems more glamorously spent in the big city, at better restaurants, newer movies, more stimulating parties, and so on.

All those are good and powerful reasons, and together they have entrenched the mobility ethic as one of the great unchallenged assumptions among people at the top of the meritocratic heap. It's gotten to the point, in fact, where it's not only the Gopher Prairies that people are in a hurry to leave, but the Baltimores, Clevelands, and Detroits as well. The possibility of staying home when the temptation to leave is there is as strong as the possibility of a small-town poor boy who gets rich continuing to live in his native slum. The trouble is, the mobility ethic overlooks a great deal. The choice is one with losses and gains on both sides. Because the mobility ethic is today such an article of faith, some bad things happen—to the people who move, to the places they left, and to society as a whole. In everyone who has helped create or has participated in the mobility ethic—in Sinclair Lewis, Willie Morris, William O. Douglas—those bad things can, on close inspection, be seen.

Lewis, like a good many of his contemporaries, made his place in letters by describing a world he had left. His reasons for moving on from the Midwest to greener pastures in the Northeast and in Europe are understandable, but it's worth noting two things about his career: wherever he went, he continued to draw first on the small-town America he knew as

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material for his writing; and he had terrible problems maintaining consistent literary quality. He got progressively drunker and more burned out.

Indeed, continued success throughout a lifetime has been quite an elusive thing for American novelists in this century. It doesn't seem far-fetched to say that most of these novelists have written best about the places they were born, and left those places, and had considerable trouble with their writing as time went on. The theory is supported by its opposite side: writers who have stayed put have had much more continued success. William Faulkner, for instance, who stayed in and kept writing about the area where he was born, seems to have had an easier time staying productive than almost any of his more mobile contemporaries of comparable talent. And since World War II, the famous New York literary scene, to which good young writers have flocked, hasn't been especially productive of good novels—far less, in fact, than the hinterlands.

Lost Richness

There are no doubt a number of reasons why this happens. For one thing, the New York literary scene is so full of interesting diversions, parties and so forth, that there are strong temptations to do things other than write. Those temptations must be strengthened by what is by all accounts the scene's neurotic, egotistic, backbiting, insecure side; writers must know they're liable to get torn apart on publication of a new work. They are subject to a sort of judgment and potential rejection by peers to which someone who stays home is not. Even the increasing need for money may lead to sacrifices in quality, and thus play a part in American writers' declines.

There's another thing, too. If you assume that the richness of fiction is chiefly a reflection of the richness of life, that the best fiction is from life, covering familiar ground, Manhattan literati ought to be able to write well from their own lives. That they usually don't might say something about their lives—that some of the richness of the provinces is lacking in New York, though New York seems so much richer. There *are* many novels turned out every year, by very smart people, about life among the New York intellectuals and celebrities, but they tend to sink quickly into obscurity. Even those that get noticed, like Capote's bitchy *Answered Prayers*, don't seem destined for the English classes of the future. Somehow when Eudora Welty writes about families or Saul Bellow about his boyhood haunts in Chicago ("As a kid I went to the Russian Bath with my own father. This old establishment had been there forever, hotter than the tropics and rotting sweetly. Down in the cellar, men moaned on the steam-softened planks while they were massaged abrasively with oak-leaf besoms lathered in

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pickle buckets.") it seems to have more, well, *depth* than can be found in the legions of *romans a clef* about writers.

This kind of speculation can lead into some literary byways that it is best to avoid, but there are a couple of intriguing points in it that may have wider applicability. Writers seem to suffer when they leave home—do people in other lines of work, too? Novels seem richer when set in the provinces—can the same be said of life?

The Less Obvious Advantages

This sense of richness seems dependent in large part on human relations, which, after all, is what makes a community, and there are strong differences in the nature of those relations from place to place. For all the obvious disadvantages of hometown life, there are less obvious advantages:

under boosterism lies a healthy spirit of cooperation (witness the discovery recently of boosterism by the City of New York); under the restraints on behavior a desire for people to be able to get along over long periods of time; under the apparent sameness a surprisingly broad range of human contacts. Moving to the Northeast usually entails working longer hours and having specialized friendships according to profession—that is, giving up any broad range of contacts with people from different lines of work, in community-related (rather than work-related) settings. All those religious associations and snoopy neighbors that Lewis gave such a bad name can serve as a countervailing force to a one-dimensional ("workaholic," in the phrase now popular) life. The suffocating interconnections between small-town people—everyone seeming to know everyone else—help maintain pleasant human relations. There are no screaming, malevolent taxi drivers on Main Street, because they have to carry the same in-laws, cousins, and lifelong acquaintances day after day.

Willie Morris noticed the fundamental difference in human relations in New York, and recognized that it was at best a mixed blessing:

"... one learned something about the nature of New York friendships. They were unlike any other friendships I had ever known. In Mississippi, or in Texas, 'friends' had been people whom one saw frequently and informally.... You shared certain things: a reverence for informality, an interest in what other friends were doing, a regard for geographic places, an awareness of a certain set of beloved landmarks in themselves unimportant to one's everyday existence, a mutual but totally unexpressed sense of a community.... [In New York] the very absence of any homogeneity, the very diffusion of focus, gave one's acquaintances... a fractured, fleeting quality. One could call a person a 'friend' if you saw him once every four or five months, talked for a while, and got along."

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The implication is that something is added to life by intimate contact with a group of varied people over a long period of time, and something lost by only occasional contact with a great many similar people. This huge difference in the quality of human contact is what makes *North Toward Home* a story of home and family and setting at its Mississippi beginning, and of ambition, which replaces everything else, at its New York end. The shift, and the loss, extend far past the book to the lives of Morris and other people like him. The desire for excitement, for people like oneself, can lead to contact exclusively with people like oneself, even to the exclusion of family, or people who happen to be in a different line of work. By the process of leaving home, life loses, almost unnoticeably, much of its texture.

Great Names and Great Events

The same sense of loss is present—though usually not explicitly—in all those political memoirs. Most of them share a major flaw: despite the obvious intelligence and perception of their authors, they have terrible trouble describing life at the top in a way that makes it sound meaningful. Since memoir writers usually started life in the provinces, their books develop a curious pattern: they begin with evocative, clearheaded descriptions of their authors' early days out there in provincial America and gradually disintegrate into a series of great names and great events. All this greatness must have seemed important at the time, the stuff of front pages, but even a few years later there isn't much to it in the retelling; the stories of growing up in insignificant American places are far more interesting.

This is a point having to do with the quality of life, but its implications are political as well. What people give up when they come to the Northeast, and what they take on, affects the way they run the country. Mobility makes the Northeast a certain kind of place, gives it an ambience; and that ambience ends up as the climate in which decisions are made. It shapes them, that is, and as such is of considerable importance.

In the case of William O. Douglas, it's easy to see the process at work; it begins almost the moment Douglas steps off that fateful freight train. His story becomes the story of his rise, his intimate contact with greatness. Although by and large he keeps his wits about him and sees quite clearly what he and others like him have lost, there are moments when his ambition is visibly gnawing away at his character, when in the presence of greatness he gives in to a mincing sycophancy that is unusual for him and that never would have happened to him out West. For those who think of Douglas as one of the great modern men of integrity, most of *Go East, Young Man* is an affirmation, but there are some awfully embarrassing lapses like this:

"FDR was a very complicated man. He had a wide range of interests, a lively mind, a great sense of the earth. He was a great story teller and loved risque stories. I became identified in his mind with tales he should never hear.

" 'Well, Mr. Justice,' he'd say, 'I suppose you've got another of your untellable stories tonight.'

"I would answer, 'I don't want to pollute your ears with it, Mr. President.'

" 'Oh, come on, pollute me' was the answer.

"I'd tell the story and FDR would almost break a rib laughing."

Or this:

"I was company-in-waiting, ready to mix his favorite cocktail or to join him in idle chitchat. . . . The long hours at Shangri-la gave me time to perfect the dry martini—FDR's favorite cocktail. I fathomed the secret and became his favorite bartender. The martini had to be cold but not watery."

If statements like these seem incredible coming from a Supreme

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Court justice, it's equally incredible, in a way, how accurately Douglas saw the same groveling before FDR when others did it. After describing how to mix the correct Roosevelt martini for a few more sentences, Douglas goes on to say:

"Men hungry for power, position, and publicity ate out their hearts to get a blessing, an approval, an assignment from FDR. Their happiness turned on his smile, his nod, his handshake. I came to realize how oppressive it must be to be dependent on another person's smile or approval. I realized how immune my life had been to such influences. . . ."

This phenomenon—perfectly sensible people taking leave of their senses and standards in the presence of the right powerful figure—is hardly uncommon. It is present in practically every memoir. Even if explicit sycophancy isn't involved, it's a shock to see the extent to which extremely bright and successful people, when looking back, find their richest memories in completely meaningless contacts with people a little more successful than themselves. Everyone has his price; for every person in power there seems to be another person with whom contact will bring a complete abandonment of perspective, will cause the most insignificant trifles to be clutched at as precious. Examples of this abound, but here is one of the latest to appear, from the memoirs of the television correspondent Nancy Dickerson (from Wauwatosa, Wisconsin), otherwise prescient and attuned to these flaws. The scene is President Kennedy's inauguration:

"President Kennedy thanked me first, so that the next day the *Times* could record that the last person before and the first person after his inauguration that President Kennedy had talked to was CBS correspondent Nancy Hanschman.

"Though it's trivial, this kind of thing is helpful to one's standing at a network, and I wrote the President to thank him. By return mail he sent me a handwritten letter on the special light-green White House stationery:

" 'Dear Nancy:

" 'Thank you for your note. I am glad our exchange was useful. You may be sure that I shall be glad to give testimony for you coast to coast on any occasion when it might be helpful. You can do the same for me.

" 'Best,

" 'Jack'

"Others at the White House use engraved white stationery; only Presidents use the light-green stationery—a custom started by FDR. There are relatively few of these handwritten Kennedy notes; most of his letters were either dictated or written and signed by others."

A Simplified Moral Universe

Now this kind of enrapture by fame is not the common fare of life, but it's an extreme form of behavior that is emblematic of a series of things that seems to go along with geographical mobility. When you go where what you're doing is done at its very best, you're essentially submitting yourself to judgment by external standards. It is this condition that underlies the mobility ethic; success and failure in the great metropolises and huge institutions take on an overriding importance. How good you are is determined according to well-established rules, and in moving into the big cities and institutions you accept those rules and seek success as it is presently defined.

In other words, the tendency is to impose a single external standard on one's life—one didn't leave home, after all, for the sake of family or friends or familiar places and institutions, so those things recede in importance. Even friendship, if one's friends are the people with whom one works, hinges on success; it's not that your friends desert you if you switch jobs, it's just that the bonds of interest that once held you together have dissolved. In such a simplified moral universe, it's easy to see how contact with the most dizzying heights of success can

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bring on weak knees in even the most admirable people.

So it is that a great deal of the much-chronicled excitement of the Northeast is the sense of being near the most important events and best people of the day—that is, in the atmosphere of greatest possible success according to external standards. The unfortunate characteristics of this view of the world are manifold. It seems unsurprising, for instance, that although Washington is a fairly affluent metropolis, it lags behind others in things like United Way contributions per capita. When people are off to work practically at sunrise to beat the traffic in from the suburbs, when they have working breakfasts, working lunches, and working dinners, when they drag themselves home at night carrying full briefcases, the kind of extracurricular community activities and concerns they might have gotten involved in back home become, well, just out of the question.

The mobility ethic and its concomitant emphasis on success also create a less than ideal moral climate. With jobs and professional status so important, getting and keeping as many credentials as possible takes on an importance so great as to override things like the quality and consequence of one's work. Idealism, which ought to be at the very center of things, is instead purely a luxury to be cast aside when opportunity beckons or disapproval is threatened. Ambition, allowed to become the preeminent human motive, dissolves the nobler qualities.

Countervailing Forces

This is not to say that all these sins aren't present in other places besides the Northeast; no doubt they are, and no doubt ambitious people behave ambitiously no matter where they are. But where people grow up there are certain countervailing forces at work on them, on which they base their identity—work, yes, and status and approval, but family and friends and community as well. They have a complex series of loyalties, and a wide circle of acquaintances outside their particular line of work, and a direct stake in the fate of their city or town. All this does more than perhaps enrich their lives in a way that the exciting big city cannot; it also makes it more likely that they will have more perspective on what they are doing. If one's sense of identity derives from family and long-time associations as well as work, it's easier to deal with

failure, old age, and the rest of the unpleasant aspects of life. They do not absolutely destroy one's identity, as they might in a place away from all those old associations.

The web of countervailing loyalties in a small town also ties people together, so that they understand one another and their fates are intertwined. One of the worst consequences of bigness in general in America is that it fragments society to the

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point where people don't have to live with the consequences of what they do, indeed don't understand the effects of their actions. If the bureaucrats in Washington had to live in the cities and countries they govern from afar, they might do a better and more understanding job. If the Wall Street lawyers and corporate executives lived in the communities they dominate economically, they might feel more qualms about pollution or hazardous job conditions. In a country where the best people leave home, it's practically a foregone conclusion that wherever they gather, they will develop a feeling that they are superior to the people in the outlands they left.

It's a sign of how universal the various manifestations of geographical mobility are that just about everybody who ran for President this year is an example of one side or another of the phenomenon: it touched them all. The most interesting and instructive single case is probably that of Jimmy Carter, who came from the sticks and, when the time came, left without a moment's hesitation. Reading his autobiography, it is clear that he just assumed that a smart young man does not stay in Plains, Georgia, and he pretty well committed himself to a life of going wherever the Navy would send him, as long as it was up.

'The Significance of His Life'

So things would have continued for Carter if his father hadn't died, for his illness and death seem to have brought on a flood of insight into the reverse side of mobility:

"Hundreds of people came by to speak to Daddy, or to bring him a choice morsel of food or some fresh flowers. It was obvious that he meant much to them, and it caused me to compare my prospective life with his. After his funeral, I went back to Schenectady.

"I began to think about the relative significance of his life and mine. He was an integral part of the community, and had a wide range of varied and interrelated interests and responsibilities. He was his own boss, and his life was stabilized by the slow and evolutionary changes in the local social structure."

Those *apercus* in mind, Carter moved back to Plains himself, and although he would no doubt have had a happy life in the Navy, it's clear now that going back home also had some good effects on him. He ran a small business, and got into politics, and served on the school board, all pretty much at the same time. Even aside from the directly community-related things that moving back let him do, he was not tied down to the frustrating life of a Sinclair Lewis character—if anything, moving back made possible higher soarings later on.

On the other hand, it seems clear that some of Carter's difficulties during the campaign were due to a sort of culture shock. His attempts to sell a small-town personality to a big-city nation got only mixed results. He had an often self-destructive need to explain himself exhaustively and in great detail on everything, and he assumed that the nation would sit patiently and absorb it all, like a group of lifelong neighbors. A world of quick, volatile ups and downs in public regard was not, it appeared, something he could adjust to. In Plains, one doesn't have to worry about falling 15 percentage points in a month; in New York—and that is one of the prices of mobility—one does.

Still, Carter clearly understands the mobility ethic, having been an enthusiastic participant in it himself. The oft-repeated Big Joke of his campaign was, 'Isn't it weird that a guy like me, with all these degrees, would go back home and raise peanuts?' Indeed it is, and if Carter is a good illustration of the benefits of going home, he is also a sad testament to what it takes to make those benefits clear to a young man on the rise. The balance needs to be better struck, to be triggered by things more benign than personal tragedy. If it isn't, everybody and every place loses. ■

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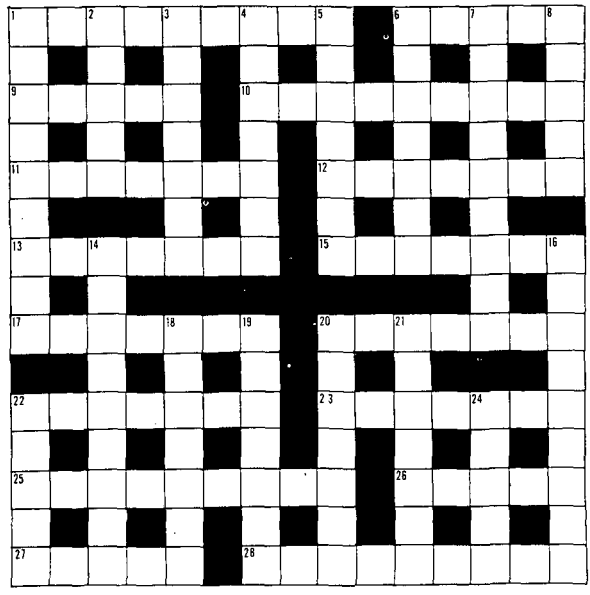
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



Across

1. Skates yet in November, e.g., Michigan or Ohio. (3,6)
6. Places for Emily and Wiley. (5)
9. Place in which to reminisce next year. (5)
10. To clarify confused printer and Latin. (9)
11. Measurements of a hundred in the islands. (7)
12. Not a no-good beginning navigator in the air. (9)
13. Lots to rent inside the glasses. (7)
15. Family all in the same boat? (7)
17. Studies a confused super little advertisement. (5,2)
20. A clever politician beats the heat when Sara comes back inside. (7)
22. Writing source in energy and cloth measures. (7)
23. Average man who is well off? (2,5)
25. Successful hunter of deer pair is a hit? (3-6)
26. Something in Salerno is extremely sound. (5)
27. Adore, in a way, a mountain nymph. (5)
28. Candidate displays magic pans arrangement. (9)

Down

1. Head of state sires king in unusual manner. (9)
2. Give up mixing idly around the East. (5)
3. Stickly stuff stirred real, etc. (7)
4. Desires a jumbled shirt on a back street. (7)
5. Reverse a little bit earlier in the tennis match? (7)
6. Not all porno, it turned around. (7)
7. Chester street confusion goes a long way. (9)
8. Musical instrument is art composition. (5)
14. India-ink write-in may swing elections? (5,4)
16. Crazy spell rots pulse-takers. (9)
18. Set around and draw up the caretaker. (7)
19. Living in the ocean around page 151. (7)
20. Plan a mixed up little organization in the baby carriage. (7)
21. Bucharest site turns Maria on. (7)
22. Parted to win upset. (2,3)
24. Senior citizens in gag show. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g., (2, 3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g., USA, are treated as one word. *Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 23.*

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How F. Edward Hebert Shaved $46 Billion From the Defense Budget

by Daniel Rapoport

F. Edward Hebert is retiring from Congress this year. After his fellow Democrats dumped him from the chairmanship of the House Armed Services Committee at the start of 1975, Hebert mulled it over for awhile, figured that without the chairmanship it just wasn't worth hanging around, and decided to pack it in.

The Democrats said they threw out Hebert because he ran his committee like an autocrat. But many of them also voted to dethrone the Louisiana conservative because they felt he was too close to the military, the very institution that he was supposed to be overseeing. No one can recall, for example, the last time Hebert spoke out against an expensive weapons system that the Pentagon wanted.

Hebert frequently reacts to foreign policy crises with fire-breathing rhetoric. As a result, it's no surprise that a good part of the American populace views him as a saber-rattling, hell-on-wheels booster of the military.

As accurate as that perception may be, it overlooks what is probably Hebert's most significant legacy. Because of one largely unnoticed "anti-military" position taken by Hebert in 1972, the country was saved an enormous amount of money, perhaps as much as $46 billion. Hebert's stand was over something called recomputation of military retired pay.

This is how it works: The government income of military retirees is based on their active duty pay at the time of retirement. Recomputation would allow retirees to calculate their pensions on the basis of subsequent pay scales, which of course would reflect the raises granted to active duty personnel since the retirees retired.

Because it was so awfully complicated and dull-sounding, and because

Daniel Rapoport is a contributing editor of National Journal *and author of* Inside the House.

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it was opposed by someone like Hebert, a whole lot of people—including liberal senators and representatives—would have had us add the costs of recomputation to the defense budget. Most of the legislators didn't realize the full fiscal impact of what they were supporting, and few made a serious effort to find out. By contrast, many of those same people today are desperately trying to kill the $21-billion B-1 bomber program. As worthy as that goal may be, its potential savings pale by comparison to what Hebert accomplished.

Remarkably, Hebert's achievement still isn't generally known. Pentagon critics are largely unaware of it. And because some of his old allies among military retirees turned bitterly against him over recomputation, Hebert doesn't talk about it much.

In the summer of 1972 just about everybody in Congress and national politics was on record in favor of recomputation. Well-organized military retiree groups had put the heat on, and persuaded most members of the House and Senate that it would be a small, relatively inexpensive way of rectifying an inequity, something to help out impoverished ex-sergeants. The list of backers included virtually the entire roster of blue-chip, ADA-certified liberals. Longtime Pentagon detractor Senator William Proxmire was for it. Its chief sponsor in the Senate was Vance Hartke, celebrated at the time for his early and vocal opposition to the Vietnam war. Lending Hartke his prestige as well as his vote was George McGovern, fresh from his capture of the Democratic presidential nomination, a race he had won after vowing to cut the defense budget by $30 billion.

President Nixon was already for it, fulfilling a pledge he—and his two opponents, Hubert Humphrey and George Wallace—had made in the 1968 election campaign.

The potential costs of recomputation are astronomical because so many people would be touched (more than 800,000 in 1972) and the effects would linger so far into the future

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(well into the 21st century). And if it had been frozen into law, the spending required to implement recompensation would have become mandatory. New York and other cities that have been generous with municipal employees are painfully discovering these built-in truths about pension plans.

Up and Up

During a relatively brief Senate debate, Hartke said his version of recomputation would cost $275 million the first year and about $10 billion over the lifetime of the program—that is, until the last pre-1972 retiree had died. Later that year the House Armed Services Committee asked the Defense Department to run an actuarial study to determine just how much the Hartke program would cost the American taxpayer. The Department's answer: $343 million the first year and $19 billion for its duration.

More significant are estimates the Pentagon came up with in the beginning of 1975, estimates that reflected the soaring inflation the country had experienced since 1972. Military retirement pay is tied to the cost of living. Predicated on an average increase in the Consumer Price Index of 4.5 per cent, the actuarial study projected a Hartke amendment cost of $34.3 billion between 1975 and the year 2000 and $46 billion by the time the last affected retirees died.

The Senate passed the Hartke proposal as an amendment to the annual military weapons authorization; its vote was 82 to 4. The "no" votes were cast by Senators John Stennis, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, J. William Fulbright, James Buckley, and Majority Leader Mike Mansfield.

Rep. F. Edward Hebert: "I'm an autocratic son of a bitch."

The House's much tighter germaneness rules blocked recomputation supporters from attaching the Hartke amendment to the House version of the weapons bill. But the House *could* have agreed to accept it as part of the anticipated conference agreement over differences between the two measures.

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Hebert, chairman of the House delegation to the conference, was determined not to let that happen.

Hebert had opposed recomputation since 1963, when Congress added a cost-of-living escalator to the retirement system. He rejected the argument that most pre-1972 retirees would miss out on the hefty pay increases Congress had granted the military in recent years. Private pension funds don't recompute retirement benefits, he maintained, and there's no reason why the government, which finances the entire military retirement plan, should do so.

Although he was a strong chairman at a time when a strong chairman could still exercise muscle, Hebert went into the conference with mixed prospects. Some of his fellow House conferees favored recomputation. Others were not as ardently—or at least not as openly—against recomputation as he was.

"A lot of those guys agreed with me but they weren't willing to stand up and be counted," recalls Hebert. "The name of the game was 'agree with me behind closed doors, but don't come out and tell anybody about it.' They let me take the heat."

Throwing His Weight Around

Hebert kept a tight rein on his conferees. He snuffed out any flickering rebellious tendencies on the part of members who were inclined to buy the Hartke amendment, and instead spent most of his time fashioning a "compromise" that Stennis could present to the Senate with a straight face. The concession he finally came up with was a promise that his committee would thoroughly study the recomputation issue.

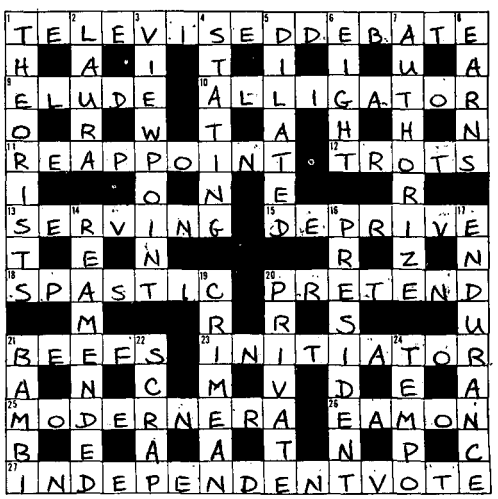
Hebert kept his promise. He quickly appointed a special subcommittee and directed it to get right to work—but he made sure that its findings would agree with his views. He named as chairman of the subcommittee Rep. Samuel Stratton, a hard-driving congressman who generally shared Hebert's opinion of recomputation. Most of the other members were men who were similarly disposed and who could afford to take the political heat from the retiree groups.

Thus it was hardly surprising when shortly before the end of the year the subcommittee recommended against enactment of any form of recomputation. It also amassed a battery of statistics and arguments that has pretty well shot down recomputation for years to come.

Hebert killed recomputation by resorting to old-time wheeling and dealing, throwing his weight around, and taking advantage of such pre-reform-era institutions as closed-door conferences. (Some of the conferees would not have been able to support Hebert in conference had they been forced to take a public position.) He says now that the Hartke amendment would have been enacted in 1972 had he merely taken a neutral position, had he allowed his House conferees to vote their inclinations. Officials of the Retired Officers Association agree. So do impartial observers.

"They would have voted it, but I said no dice," says Hebert. Then, in a sarcastic parrotting of House reformers, he adds: "Don't you know, I'm an autocratic son of a bitch. I'm a dictator." ■

Answers to the October puzzle:



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Memo of the Month

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The Imperial Press

by Tom Bethell and Charles Peters

The day before Daniel Schorr was to testify before the House Ethics Committee, the Newspaper Guild held a press conference to drum up support for him. It was a solemn and awe-inspiring affair. The Guild, the labor union for journalists, had rounded up Seymour Hersh, Carl Bernstein, Mary McGrory, and various other big guns of the media, and it was clear that it considered the whole Schorr affair Serious Business. The press conference itself was held in one of the House's own office buildings. In front of the room was a row of media celebrities, and facing them was a row of less celebrated journalists who were reporting on the affair.

Anyone who looked at the Schorr case could see that Congress' vote to make the Pike Report secret was perfectly ridiculous. It was good that the report was published because there was no reason for the information it contained to be kept out of the public's reach. Still, watching the press conference, one got the sense that perhaps things were going too far. Under the hot flame of self-righteousness, all sorts of principles were coalescing, so that it was becoming impossible to tell them apart. Protection of sources, First Amendment, people's right to know, freedom of the press, freedom of speech—these were the kind of weighty phrases being bandied about, and they all seemed to be very close—nearly identical—in meaning.

The procession of important journalists at the press conference began with Dan Rather of CBS, whose comments were representative of both the tone and content of the afternoon. "I am uncomfortable as a participant in events," he said, "preferring to cover events. If you believe nothing else believe this, that I decided to come here because I believe this matter is of such overriding importance, and

Tom Bethell is a contributing editor and Charles Peters editor-in-chief of The Washington Monthly.

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because my conscience would not allow me to do otherwise. These words are said humbly, even prayerfully. . . ." On it went. Finally Rather got to the point, which was that "the issue is whether we are going to preserve something essential in a democracy: freedom of the press, including the freedom to protect sources of information. This is not for the benefit of reporters. It is for the benefit of listeners and viewers and readers. . . . The cause is America."

Such is the mood of the press these days: earnest, weary from the long battle. Mulling it all over somehow conjures up in the mind images of a long series of newsroom civics seminars: The managing editor is toiling over the next day's front-page dummy, deciding which arrangement of stories will most strengthen the spirit of freedom in his community, when his star reporter bursts in with leaked documents. They hold a fevered conference, wrestling with their consciences to determine whether publication of the documents will be in the public interest. Maybe they consult the Constitution, or the Jefferson-Adams letters. If they decide to go ahead, well, damn the consequences. . . .

The civics class may not precisely exist, but it's certainly the prevailing image these days. Amid all the press' self-promotion there's been a disruption of balance, by which a set of indisputably good causes begin to expand and envelop some other, not so indisputably good ones. It's understandable that nobody seems to be noticing this—the press usually notices people's little pomposities and obscurings of issues. If it's the press that's now the culprit, it's not likely to start chastising itself.

It's not likely, for instance, that the press will mention this, but if sources weren't protected, the reporters who so courageously protect them would be far less important them-

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selves. The importance of reporters and the protection of sources seem, in fact, inextricably linked. Where would Woodward and Bernstein be today if Deep Throat had called a press conference?

The fact is that reporters have a direct stake in the encouragement of a timid government service. If sources weren't shadowy figures—if they were forced to speak up publicly and take their chances if they wanted to leak in the service of justice—the journalist wouldn't be the glamor-boy he is today; he wouldn't be holding press conferences. In adding up the pluses and minuses of total protection of sources, it ought to be remembered that the press' interest is not in having the noblest possible government. Federal employees with damaging information about the government are most useful to reporters when they are most afraid of losing their jobs. On the whole, they're most useful to the rest of us when they're not afraid, or cautious, or prone to hiding their true opinions and not telling the boss when he's doing something wrong. Precisely the opposite, in fact, is where the public interest lies.

From Tradesmen to Professionals

It's not hard to see why the issue of reporters' importance should be such a key one today. Journalists in this century, to put it simply, have undergone a phenomenal rise in status, a rise similar to the one doctors and lawyers went through in the last century. They've gone from being tradesmen to being professionals. In the old days "the media" referred to a motley collection of $50-a-week newspapermen, not journalists (a journalist was some kind of a remote fop with a cane whom one never saw)—newspapermen with green eyeshades and half empty liquor bottles next to the typewriter. In 1922 the literary editor of the *Boston Herald* wrote that "as a citizen, a workman, a human being, the journalist is. . .

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Photographs by Diana H. Wall

nothing but a wage-earning servant, as impotent and unimportant, considered as an individual, as a mill hand." Only in the 1950s, in most instances, did general reporters begin to be paid more than the printers who worked downstairs in the pressroom.

Much of the change is due to the applaudable efforts of the Newspaper Guild, and most of its net effects are indisputably good. But the professionalization process is a tricky one; it carries with it a lot of excess baggage and mumbo-jumbo. It's not, that is, without elements of priestification as well. Professionals, once firmly established, tend to claim adherence to some noble higher principle that, by the way, allows them to greatly increase their own income and power while no one is looking, in a way that is often inimicable to the public interest. Everybody now recognizes that this has to some extent been the case with doctors and lawyers, so it was distressing, back at the press conference, to hear the comparisons that were being bandied about.

At one point in the press conference Larry Larson of the *Fresno Bee* read a statement written especially by the Fresno Four "for this news conference." The Four, who were briefly in jail for disobeying a judge's orders by printing secret grand jury testimony, had gotten to the heart of the matter:

"Sooner or later, we must make judges, congressmen, and others in official positions aware that newsmen, like lawyers, doctors and clergymen, adhere to professional ethics, which we cannot ignore. The public's right to know what their government is doing is a paramount concern in a free democracy. And the need for confidential sources is an important test of our profession."

In a similar vein, in another hearing room the next day at the actual House Committee hearing, Schorr had this to say in his defense: "For some of us—doctors, lawyers, clergymen, *and* journalists—it is an article of faith that

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we must keep confidential those matters entrusted to us only because of the assurance that they would remain confidential."

The Fresno Four and Schorr were right about the privileges that accrue to doctors, lawyers, and clergy. The effect of those privileges is only to help the person who has confidential information; it makes it easier for him to receive professional services. In the case of doctors' privilege, for instance, the patient will become more frank, in order that he may receive better health care and be spared embarrassment about his ailments; but since privilege or no privilege, a sick person will see his doctor, the doctor himself is hardly affected at all by the arrangement.

Secrets That Have To Be Kept

In the case of reporters' privilege the equation is somewhat different. It is designed to encourage the passage of information from government officials to reporters, on the grounds that such passage, absolutely unhampered, will always work to the public's benefit. While other professionals' privilege tends to keep more information secret, the press' tends to make more public, and it therefore has a greater impact on the world at large. In some cases, like Schorr's and the Pentagon Papers, that impact is good; but in others, it's not.

The Fresno case seems to be a good example, because it's hard to conceive, except in the most exceptional cases, of the publication of grand jury testimony as being in the public interest. As Nicholas Von Hoffman pointed out not long ago, grand juries are secret for a good reason: they are preliminary legal probes, in which "any accusation, any gossip, any surmise about anyone is admissible. There is no cross examination, no adversary questioning, no testing of evidence, no defense counsel." The whole system is undermined when its secrecy goes.

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There are far more obvious cases, too, where secrets have to be kept. Anybody can see that it's a bad idea to protect leakers of the location of Polaris submarines, or missile silos, or troop movement orders—that, in fact, there should be some way that those leakers can be found and punished. The events of the last ten years have given leakers a pretty good name, but it's worth remembering that the precursors of Daniel Ellsberg were unsavory figures who, depending on their ideological leanings, gave defense secrets to the Soviet Union or the names of former Communists to Congressional committees.

The reporters at the Schorr press conference might have said to that, 'Sure, we recognize that there are leaks and leaks, but let *us* decide which ones are in the public interest and which ones aren't. We'll do it in the newsroom civics class. Just leave it to us.'

Here again, though, self-interest plays a part, because the press is, quite commendably, trying to sell papers, which sometimes precludes consideration of the public interest. Amid all the high-flown talk at the House Committee hearings, Clay Felker, owner of the *Village Voice*, admitted that he decided to publish the Pike Report without really reading it beforehand. He had just sort of leafed through it, he said. He knew it would make a nice, flashy cover headline, and that it would help the *Voice*, and on that basis he decided to publish it. The public interest seems to have been a minor character in the drama, at least until well afterward when Congress came around with questions.

The pursuit of the flashy headline can lead down some pretty dark alleys, ones only tangentially related to the public interest. The facts of the Fresno Four case are unclear (perhaps one of the Four will leak them in the public interest, but it's doubtful) but it is known that a *Fresno Bee* reporter had a skeleton key to the courthouse where the grand jury transcripts were

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kept. What if, in fact, he simply let himself into the courthouse, stole the transcripts, and walked out? Was that in the public interest? Or should he be punished like anyone else? Earlier this year this magazine got a manuscript in the mail suggesting that if privilege laws were enacted the Mafia might invest in newspapers in order to avoid testimony about their criminal activities. That seems a little farfetched, but you get the idea—it's unwise to sanction anything reporters might do on the grounds that it's part of their freedom of press.

Custodians of Morality

If you assume that it's right that the government keeps some things secret, then the public's interest is this: that what really needs to be kept secret be kept secret, but that everything else be made public. It's clear that lately the government has gone much, much too far in the direction of secrecy, but the ideal alternative to that is not establishing the press as a unilateral, protected conduit of any secret government information it can get, with no restrictions. To expect the press, as custodian of morality in government, to police itself ideally here, with selling papers, reporters' status, and other self-interested issues so heavily at play, is asking too much. The idea behind government is that it ought to be a disinterested party, counterbalanced against itself; therein lies its great strength.

Under absolute reporters' privilege, the press has what amounts to veto power over all three branches of government, and therefore, since by its own account it's carrying out a quasi-governmental, Constitution-ordained function, it becomes a sort of fourth branch with more power than the other three. If Congress, or the President, or the courts, decide to keep something secret, and the press disagrees (which, given its interests, is extremely likely), then it simply publishes. It overrides.

So, to cut through all the talk about Freedom and Amendments and The People's Right we have this: there is a problem with the government's keeping too much information secret, and the press proposes to solve that problem by putting itself in a position where a great deal of secret information comes its way, and it, instead of the government, decides what the public should or shouldn't know. This notion has Present-Day Mistrust of Government stamped all over it; it reflects liberals' assumption that the government can't do anything involving civil liberties right, so we might as well give up on it.

The point, however, is that the government got to be that way through the commission of the very sins that are starting to appear in the press. It wasn't always that great masses of information were being held back from the American people; the chain of events is fairly recent, and can be easily traced. The power of the executive branch of government was, necessarily, greatly increased to cope with the Depression and World War II; and once that power existed in its amplified form, it began to be abused. The government-secrets problem is just one product of the imperial presidency; the mentality that put guards around the White House and filled its offices with yes-men also decided that vast amounts of information about the government should be kept from Americans.

Now, in response to all those horrors, we seem to be moving in the direction of an imperial press, produced by the Nixon era in the same way that the imperial presidency was produced by the Depression and World War II. But it ought to be clear by now that *anything* imperial is dangerous. Difficult choices in reporting the news are inescapable. The press should meet them courageously, but with some humility, too. The more self-righteous, pontificating press conferences it holds, the more fawning attention it gets, the more likely it is to slip into the same kinds of excesses it is trying to wipe out. ■

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Nuclear proliferation and the law of averages governing the percentage of lunatics likely to become rulers mean that we are going at some point to be confronted with an Adolf Hitler, Idi Amin, or Papa Doc Duvalier, who either has a big bomb or will soon have the power to make one. What do we do then? Sit back and wait for the blast? We have to intervene, and, instead of intervening in the wrong way, as we did in Vietnam, we have to do it right.

A Case For Intervention

by Stephen Young

I believe we had good reason to try to help the people of South Vietnam. I realize that this view is not likely to be instantly persuasive to the readers of this magazine. I acknowledge that many of the ways we intervened were stupid and callous, and that there are lessons to be learned from what we did wrong in Vietnam that we must never forget. What I am saying—as one who worked with the Vietnamese, studied their culture, and learned their language—is that there were large numbers of people in South Vietnam who wanted and deserved our help.

Curiously enough, there is some interesting evidence for my view in the way the South fell.

Remember how the American Left predicted the fall would occur? The American-supported government would collapse immediately—within 72 hours, according to George McGovern—upon the withdrawal of American combat troops. The handful of corrupt lackeys at the top would flee, and the masses, almost all of whom were either members or supporters of the Viet Cong, would seize power.

It is a fact, however, that South Vietnam did not collapse when American combat troops went home in 1972. It did not collapse when American airpower was withdrawn in 1973. It did not collapse when Congress severely cut military aid in 1974. It did collapse in 1975 when the hope of future American aid was lost.

The Viet Cong, instead of leading the victorious forces in April 1975, played no role at all. This information does not come from Thieu or Ky but from Hanoi's General Van Tien Dung, who has described the last offensive in great detail. His account was published this year in several American newspapers including *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post.* According to him, the offensive was planned and executed entirely by the

Stephen Young practices law in New York.

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North Vietnamese Communist leadership, using the regular army of North Vietnam. Neither the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam nor the related Provisional Revolutionary Government played any role. The indigenous guerrilla forces of the Viet Cong were not in evidence as Soviet tanks rolled into Thieu's presidential palace at the moment of victory.

The South Vietnamese who fled before the victorious North were not just a handful of corrupt leaders but hundreds of thousands of people who did not want to live under the Communists. If our belated and ill-organized rescue effort was able to save 130,000, imagine how many more who wanted to leave were left behind.

Many of those who stayed behind are still resisting the Communists. Two large units commanded by Colonel Luan control the highlands between Ban Me Thuat and Pleiku, from the Lao border to the seacoast. A Montagnard force is to the north of them. Around Saigon, roads north are cut at dusk. A large group of followers of the Cao Dai religion have taken over the old Communist base area of Zone D. In the Delta, small groups operate everywhere. My old district town of Tam Binh in Vinh Long was attacked. Cho Gao in My Tho was also attacked in a two-day battle. A large force secures the heartland of the Hoa Hao people. Major bridges south of Saigon have been blown; North Vietnamese ammunition dumps in Go Vap and Bien Hoa have been destroyed. Plastique is set off in Saigon. All of this has been acknowleged indirectly by Saigon radio.

A Mandate of Heaven

The Left's expectation that a Communist victory in Vietnam would enjoy widespread popular support in the South grew out of the work of writers like Frances FitzGerald. FitzGerald wrote that the National Liberation Front was a natural extension of an internal dynamic peculiar to the people of South Vietnam. Relying on the work of the French scholar Paul Mus, FitzGerald postulated that modern times had triggered a revolutionary disequilibrium among Vietnam's people, who consequently demanded a new mandate of heaven to restore the wholeness of the social order. Of all the political forces loose in South Vietnam, she believed that only the Viet Cong had such a mandate.

FitzGerald's vision of Vietnam gives a central role to the Confucian mandarin tradition. In effect, FitzGerald argues that the Communists are modern Confucians. The same forces that traditionally pulled Vietnamese towards the Confucian pattern of social organization are pulling them inevitably towards the Communists now.

FitzGerald is right about the Confucian mandarins but not about the village culture of the masses. Most Communist leaders in fact have come from mandarin families. But because she did not speak Vietnamese or use original Vietnamese materials in her research, FitzGerald failed to take into account Vietnamese popular culture.

The differences between this popular culture and the elite attitudes used by FitzGerald are substantial. FitzGerald uses as a centerpiece of her theory the figure of strong paternal authority in the family leading to rebellion in the son and the replacement of the father's mandate with the son's. Yet in the average Vietnamese family it is the mother who rules. The father may reign but his authority is hollow. The mother is the *noi tuong* or the "boss of the within."

The Vietnamese ethnic tradition centers on a concept called *phuc duc*, which intertwines personal destiny with social morality. This tradition pushes most Vietnamese away from the Communists into a form of nationalism that one can trace through centuries of Vietnamese history, including four victories over the Chinese and one over the Mongols. Contrary to what has been written, there has long been a profound core

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of nationalist strength in Vietnam.

The antagonism between Communism and Vietnamese culture arises from contrasting views of the individual. Communism is an imported western ideology that subjects individuals to the total dominion of the party's leadership. Under *phuc duc*, a society should be organized to allow each individual room to maximize his or her potential according to the rules of Buddhist Karma, as modified by the Vietnamese.

Vietnamese believe in a universe created by the ceaseless flows of positive and negative cosmic energy. Each person has a unique destiny produced by the interaction of three variables: astrology, or the cosmic energy of time; geomancy, or the cosmic energy in the land on which we are born and live; and *tuong so*, or the cosmic energy of our bodies. This energy triad gives destiny a deterministic face, making it the end product of spinning primordial forces.

Belief in one of these forces, geomancy, helped the Vietnamese develop a kind of national loyalty long before it was fashionable in the West. After a Chinese general had put down a Vietnamese revolt in 39 A. D., he set up a bronze column inscribed with the words: "When this column falls, the state of Giao Chi (the old Chinese name for Vietnam) will perish." Later, as they passed by, Vietnamese would carry stones over to the column to secure its base and prevent its collapse. Geomancy, by giving a collective similarity to the fates of all in a certain territory, creates a distinct homeland for a people. In the eleventh century, a Vietnamese prince called on his soldiers not to despair and to fight on against the Chinese because fate had given the Vietnamese a separate territory for their own and would not let the Chinese defeat them. Like the Jews, Vietnamese be-

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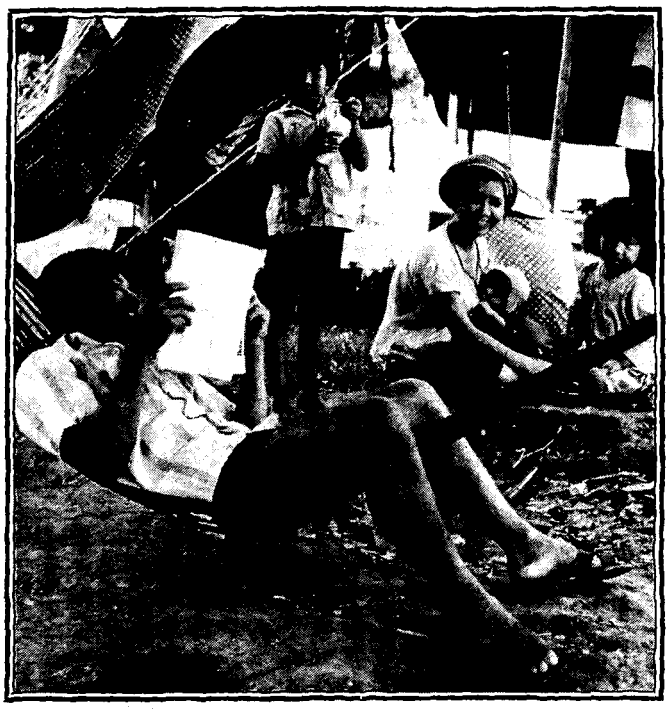

lieve they have a special relationship with a specific homeland sanctified by the highest power in the universe.

In addition to its deterministic aspects, the concept of *phuc duc* posits another dimension of fate, a capacity within ourselves to influence the final outcome. This controllable part of the destiny equation was borrowed from the Indian doctrine of reincarnation and Karma. Our good and bad deeds are believed to be small movements of cosmic energy. Accumulated deeds have the power to set in motion larger movements for the future. Good deeds will tilt fortune towards happiness and bad deeds will have the reverse effect.

To the simple Buddhist notion of Karma, which applies only to individuals, the Vietnamese have injected a Confucian element, so that families and lineages as well as individuals are receptacles of good and bad Karma. The merit of one generation can improve the fortune of succeeding ones. Thus veneration of ancestors in Vietnam arises not so much from authoritarian Chinese notions of blind filial piety, but from a sense of obligation

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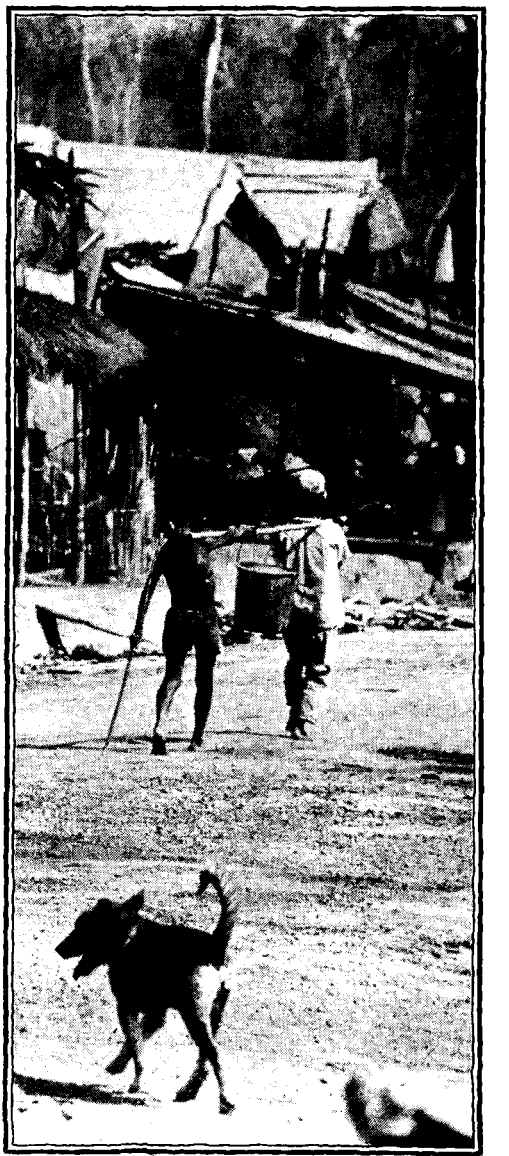
to those whose deeds have brought about one's present circumstances. Many Vietnamese are less than enthusiastic in commemorating forebears of marginal or negative Karma.

Beyond the debt to one's ancestors lies a debt to the nation. This is explicitly recognized, for example, in the Vietnamese Buddhist sect of the Hoa Hao, which places the debt of gratitude to the ancestors and the nation before the debt to the Buddha. The rural Hoa Hao have always been among the most unconditional anti-Communists. Vietnamese feel that they must pay back those who created and preserved a unique Karma for the Vietnamese people by defending what is distinctive about their heritage from foreign intrusions. Along with geomancy this facet of *phuc duc* provided a basis for Vietnam's traditional peasant nationalism.

The ethic of *phuc duc* has led the



Agency for International Development

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Vietnamese to oppose Communism for three reasons relating to individual freedom, private property, and selfless leadership.

First, Communism leaves no room for free expression of the self. It is too totalitarian for Vietnamese tastes. Generally, Vietnamese resent authority and have a very sensitive sense of self. Even though *phuc duc* places the individual in a family and national context, it rests on a notion of individual destiny. The Vietnamese call this powerful sense of self *tu*. It shows up in their word for freedom—*tu do*. Thus to say that rural Vietnamese have no concern for the differences between democracy and totalitarianism is to distort their values.

In the 1930s a series of very important novels was written by a group of young Vietnamese intellectuals in Hanoi who had broken with the Confucian elite, which was generally supportive of French rule, to rediscover the more personal ethnic tradition of fate and the self that had survived in the villages. Those novels revolved around the problem of freedom for the individual. They looked upon the individual Vietnamese, released from excessive Confucian formality, as the means by which Vietnam could be at once Vietnamese and dynamic and modern. None of these works has been translated into English or French, so they were unknown to Frances FitzGerald and the other writers who have told us about the Vietnamese culture.

Second, Communism does not allow an individual to own personal property. But under *phuc duc*, material prosperity indicates to a Vietnamese that either he or his forebears were moral people of good Karma. His current good fortune is therefore rightfully his. To deny him his wealth would be to deny virtue itself, but this is what the Communists do. After their conquest, economic conditions for South Vietnamese plummeted. Their cash assets were confiscated through an exchange of currency. Their reaction has been to oppose a government that robbed them of the evidence of their virtue.

However, property must, in the *phuc duc* scheme, be deserved to be rightfully owned. If a morally unfit person, too greedy in seeking immediate wealth or making money through corruption and foreign influence, should come into property, then it is just to strip him of his goods. They are not his by the workings of *phuc duc* but by his selfishness and by his manipulation of power to short-circuit *phuc duc*. He has no "right" to the property he has acquired. Wealth must come on its own accord to be really deserved. Vietnamese like material well-being, but they do not like avarice and self-seeking. Old money is more correct than new.

When David Halberstam noted that the succession of leaders in Saigon seemed collectively unable to rally popular sympathy, he was observing the consequences of leadership without *phuc duc*. The trouble with Saigon's rulers was that they were generally too greedy in their use of power and in their accumulation of personal wealth, when both in turn also depended on manipulation of first the French and then the Americans.

Throw Away the Rind

Finally, Communism dictates that everyone follow the orders of the party's leaders, while *phuc duc* demands that true moral authority allows each person to achieve his own private ends. Selfish people accumulate only bad Karma. Bad Karma in national leadership brings future hardships for the people. Leadership that is respected and appreciated brings prosperity and good fortune to the many. Vietnamese tend to resist politicians whom they perceive to be interested in self-aggrandizement. The Buddhist monks who led the movement to overthrow Diem did not seek to convert their street power into political office. Had they done so, the people who had volunteered to follow

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them in the streets would have deserted, fearing that the monks were really more interested in personal achievement than the national weal. If the Communists were genuinely interested in serving the people, they would, in the eyes of the Vietnamese, be willing to consult others and share power. In the villages it is said that the Communists *vat chanh bo vo*—"squeeze the lemon and throw away the rind."

The most telling flaw of the Communists is their willingness to shed blood to gain their way. They assumed leadership of the war against the French by murdering the other nationalist leaders. When they took the palm of state power, they split Vietnam into fratricide. The ease with which Communist commanders could send wave after wave of men into battle and near-certain death contrasts with the reluctant attitude toward

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fierce combat taken by most non-Communist officers. The good nationalist officer tried to achieve his objectives without losing a man if he could, preferably by waiting until the enemy had moved on. French-trained South Vietnamese generals who were careless with their men's lives usually had bad morale in their units.

These contradictions between Communism and Vietnam's ethnic tradition explain why South Vietnam held on until there was no hope, why the Viet Cong could be defeated, why Vietnamese fled Communist rule, and why there is continuing resistance to Communist authorities.

To Send Our Lord Byrons

Well then. Where does all this leave us?

First, it says we were justified in seeking to help the South Vietnamese. The way we went about it may have been wrong—terribly so in the case of the indiscriminate slaughter of Westmoreland's search-and-destroy missions and in Johnson's cruel sacrifice of lower-class draftees to keep influential Americans from experiencing the human cost of his massive escalation—but we didn't have to help in those ways.

We could have sent volunteers who were trained in the language and the culture, who could have helped in the ways most of the Vietnamese wanted to be helped. We could have sent arms and economic aid to balance the external contributions from the Communist world. We did not have to take over the war from the Vietnamese.

But granted that we could have helped and helped effectively in Vietnam, why bother to make the point now?

The reason is that one of the lessons the Left has learned from Vietnam is that because our intervention did not turn out well there, we should not intervene anywhere. The trouble with this view is that it denies us the opportunity to help others as the French helped us in 1781, to send our Lord Byrons to tomorrow's equivalent of the Greece of 1824. More critically, it denies us the right to intervene where intervention may be vital to our survival, which it was not in Vietnam. Nuclear proliferation and the law of averages governing the percentage of lunatics likely to become rulers mean that we are going at some point to be confronted with an Adolf Hitler, Idi Amin, or Papa Doc Duvalier, who either has a big bomb or will soon have the power to make one. What do we do then? Sit back and wait for the blast? We have to intervene, and, instead of intervening in the wrong way, as we did in Vietnam, we have to do it right.

But because the Left has decided we should never intervene, it has lost interest in how to intervene effectively. We need a CIA and a military that are capable of pulling off an Entebbe if they have to. Instead, they are committed to their own bureaucratic survival and receive almost no constructive criticism from the Left. Constructive criticism is needed, not only of the morality of foreign involvement, but of its techniques as well. Those parts of the Pike Report that focused on the CIA's failure to do the things it should be doing were largely ignored by the liberal press. So was the military's penchant for landing at the wrong place in the case of the *Mayaguez* and Son Tay.

So, if we're faced with something far more dangerous than Vietnam in the future, the probability is that, regardless of what is really needed to deal with it, the Navy will dust the mothballs off some old carriers, the Army will ready its divisions, and the Left will virtuously oppose any intervention. The result in all probability will be either too much or too little response. And that could mean that we would be incinerated. Let's accept the fact that intervention can be necessary and concentrate our efforts on turning the military and the CIA into organizations that can deal with threatened danger sensibly and effectively. ■

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Watergate: Two Who Got Away

by Ann Pincus

On Saturday, April 14, 1973, John Dean handed H.R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman a yellow sheet of legal paper. It contained a list of 15 people involved in the Watergate cover-up who might be subject to criminal prosecution. Among such familiar names as Mitchell, Magruder, and Stans were the names of two lawyers who, as things turned out, never even got indicted: William Bittman and Paul O'Brien.

E. Howard Hunt had hired Bittman—who as a member of the Kennedy Justice Department had prosecuted Jimmy Hoffa and Bobby Baker and had since joined the Washington firm of Hogan and Hartson—to represent him in the Watergate case.

A couple of weeks before, O'Brien had been hired, along with Kenneth Parkinson, to represent the Committee to Re-Elect the President. The Committee had some known problems because James McCord had been on its payroll at the time of the Watergate burglary, and a good many more ticking timebombs in the form of the then-unknown connections to Watergate of John Mitchell, Jeb Magruder, and Gordon Liddy, who were also working for CREEP.

Instead of defending his client in the legitimate way the law allows, O'Brien almost immediately became

Ann Pincus is a Washington writer.

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involved in the cover-up.

Hugh Sloan, who was an assistant to Maurice Stans, came to O'Brien and Parkinson as early as July 7, 1972, with the story that Liddy had received $199,000 in committee funds with the approval of Mitchell, Stans, and Magruder. Instead of reporting the information to federal prosecutors or suggesting that Sloan do so, O'Brien and Parkinson urged Sloan to leave town.

O'Brien was early involved in the passage of money from the White House and its fund-raisers to Hunt and his confederates. And when Hunt became restless, O'Brien called Dean in California to announce that "one of our boys—it's Hunt—is off the reservation." There was a danger, in other words, that Hunt would reveal the truth about Watergate unless, as O'Brien told Dean a few days later, Hunt was offered clemency by the White House.

In his new book, *Blind Ambition*, Dean describes an earlier episode: "There was panic on one more front. Hunt's wife had been killed in a plane crash near Chicago, and $10,000 in bills had been found in her belongings. Was the money ours? Could it be traced? Paul O'Brien reported back that our payments had been in untraceable bills."

On March 20, Hunt sent a message to Dean through O'Brien demanding another $122,000. When O'Brien delivered the message, Dean blew up and said: "Well, I'll be goddamned if I'm going to pass it on. Both of us, as you well know, are up to our teeth in an obstruction of justice. You and I have been passing these fucking messages back and forth."

Dean has this to say in his new book about O'Brien's escape from punishment: "Hell, Kenneth Parkinson was only in the cover-up up to his ankles. O'Brien was in up to his neck.

The Washington Post

William O. Bittman

Earl Silbert, the original federal prosecutor in the Watergate case, knew by the end of the summer of 1972 that Hugh Sloan, who had returned from the trip O'Brien had urged (see the accompanying article), had testified under oath that John Mitchell and Maurice Stans had approved a payment of $199,000 to Gordon Liddy. Silbert's passion for having this sort of thing become known was evident in an unusually broad court order he prepared in early October prohibiting all law enforcement agencies, the defendants, witnesses, potential witnesses "including complaining witnesses and alleged victims, their attorneys and all persons acting for or with them in connection with this case" from making statements about the matter to anyone outside the court. This was clearly not intended to assist Woodward and Bernstein.

In January 1973, at the trial of the Watergate burglars, when Judge Sirica begged for questions that

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Paul got a walk. Ken got indicted. I'm happy for Paul, but everything is backwards."

On April 27, 1973, President Nixon summoned Henry Petersen, the assistant attorney general who was overseeing the Watergate investigation, to the White House: "Sit down, sit down," Nixon said. "We have gotten a report that, oh, that really we've got to head off at the pass. Because it's so damn—so damn dangerous to the Presidency in a sense. There's a reporter by the name of Hersh, of *The New York Times*, you probably know . . . who told Bittman who told O'Brien that they have information . . . indicating that Dean has made some incriminating statements to the prosecuting team implicating the President."

Wide World Photos

Paul O'Brien

O'Brien was supposed to be counsel for the Committee to Re-Elect, Bittman for Hunt. Neither represented the White House. Yet both were involved in passing along information to the White House that was designed to serve the cover-up.

Q. and A.

Remember how Bittman got the down payment on his fee for representing Hunt? Here's the testimony of Anthony Ulasewicz before the Ervin Commitee:

"Then I was instructed to call Mr. Bittman in Washington, who I understood was an attorney.

"Q. What instructions did you have to talk to him?

"A. The same thing, the cost of the script, the writer, get what the attorney fees—not the attorney fees at this point. The cost of the script, the players, et cetera.

"Q. You were using the same name, Mr. Rivers?

"A. I believe so, yes.

"Q. Did you call Mr. Bittman?

would lead to the higher-ups and Sloan was on the stand, Silbert failed to ask a single question to elicit his testimony about Mitchell and Stans. Nor did Silbert ask either Sloan or Magruder, who also was testifying at the burglary trial, about Sloan's sworn allegations that Magruder had asked Sloan to perjure himself, allegations Silbert was also fully familiar with.

The expression "getting right" as it is used by politicians covers such situations as one finds oneself in when one has supported the losing candidate in a primary and is scrambling to get on board with the winner. Herculean efforts are required—and that is just what Silbert gave the Watergate investigation after it became clear in March of 1973 that the cover-up had begun to fall apart. His record before that time, however, should have been examined by the Special Prosecutor's office. Instead he is now serving as United States Attorney for the District of Columbia.

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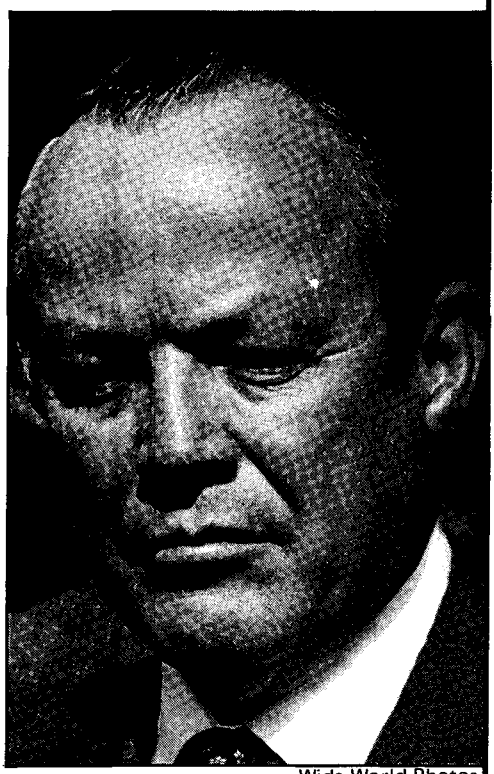
On July 18, 1972 Richard Kleindienst was eating lunch at Burning Tree Country Club after playing 18 holes of golf in a tournament. Gordon Liddy and Powell Moore (a CREEP public relations man) beckoned him to come to the locker room, a place where they could discuss a serious problem secretly. The three men went to the secluded part of the locker room, according to Kleindienst's testimony at the Watergate coverup trial on December 12, 1974. "Mr. Liddy said that some of those who were arrested in the Watergate last night were employees," he testified. "I don't know whether he said of the White House or of the Campaign Committee to Re-Elect the President—that Mr. Mitchell had instructed him to come out and have me cause them to be released from jail."

Kleindienst has been treated as a hero because he rebuffed them and called Henry Petersen, head of the Justice Department's Criminal division and told him to proceed as usual with the investigation. But, why didn't Kleindienst report what Liddy told him to Petersen? Didn't he obstruct justice by withholding evidence that Liddy and, more important, Mitchell were involved in the break-in? Remember that at that time, no one knew of Liddy's connection to the burglary or to the White House, and no one had any idea that John Mitchell was involved until months later. Kleindienst not only was not indicted for this obstruction—he got a 30-day suspended sentence for something else—he wasn't even disbarred and continues to practice law in Washington.



Wide World Photos

Richard Kleindienst

"A. I did.

"Q. Did you speak to him?

"A. I spoke to Mr. Bittman and I recall that in the first conversation, Mr. Bittman said, well, this is very unusual. He said something like, I do not know if you are an attorney, but an attorney does not anticipate fees and costs in this manner.

"I said, well, I am instructed not to negotiate in any manner. I understood that you would have a figure and I told him that I am prepared at this time if we can get down to this, because at this point, I still wanted to get rid of all those cookies, $75,100.

"Something was not according to the way he liked. I so reported to Kalmbach, received my call back from Mr. Kalmbach. He told me again to call and contact Mr. Bittman.

"Now, this is some period of time passes by. Mr. Bittman said, all right, his initial fee would be $25,000.

"Q. What period of time, Mr. Ulasewicz, are we talking about?

"A. This would be around July 8 to the 10th, in that period of time.

"Q. And did you call Mr. Kalmbach and tell him Mr. Bittman had

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indicated he wanted an initial fee of $25,000?

"A. I did.

"Q. What was Mr. Kalmbach's response?

"A. He said to deliver it to Mr. Bittman in any manner I saw fit.

"Q. Did he give you any instructions about not being seen by Mr. Bittman?

"A. Oh, yes, those came in after the Caddy call, that somehow conversations were arranged that I would not now be seen by anybody, to do the money without being observed, in a confidential manner.

"Q. That was Mr. Kalmbach's instructions to you?

"A. Right

"Q. And how did you arrange to deliver that money?

"A. I contacted Mr. Bittman right from the lobby of his office there. I spoke with him and I told him that I had the cash. Prior to that, I went out to a drugstore in the area, bought a couple of envelopes and some Scotch tape, and I had to count out $25 from that $75,100–$25,000 from the $75,100 original, which I did, and I put it into a plain Kraft brown envelope.

"I called Mr. Bittman from the lobby of his building and told him that I had the delivery and that would he come right down and that it would be on the ledge at the telephone booth.

"I told him it would be a brown sack and that the money would be lying right there, would he come right down, if he walked right through and picked it up and go back to the elevator, I would be satisfied."

A Threat of Blackmail

On October 20, another mysterious brown envelope arrived in Bittman's office, this time addressed to Hunt, who was in the office at the time. Hunt was disappointed at the amount, and a few weeks later prepared a memo in which he complained about not getting enough money and pointed out that he knew that "Mitchell may well have perjured himself" and "the Watergate bugging is only one of a number of highly illegal conspiracies engaged in by one or more of the defendants at the behest of senior White House officials. These as yet undisclosed crimes can be proved."

On November 20 Bittman read that memo to Parkinson. It was as clear a threat of blackmail as one could imagine. Yet Bittman later denied under oath that he had any idea the payments to Hunt had "any strings" attached. He also denied under oath that he had read the Hunt memo in 1972. He was contradicted on this point by two members of his own firm who testified that he had read it to them in 1972.

Why was Bittman never prosecuted? Well, the Special Prosecutor's office was full of Kennedy people: Archibald Cox, Tom McBride, James Neal, to name a few. Not the kind of men who are capable of deliberate favoritism, but it's always possible that they were guilty of an unconscious bias in favor of their former associate.

But I think another reason—one that explains the escape of both Bittman and O'Brien as well as the tender treatment of the other Watergate lawyers—is more likely. Most Washington lawyers live on the margin of morality—in a world where conflict-of-interest and influence-peddling go on all the time, where it is essential to have friends in the Congress and the White House. What the Washington lawyer offers is a combination of talent and access to power, and these friends constitute his access to power. He will go a long way to keep them. "There but for the grace of God go I," he whispers to himself when he hears of any but the baldest abuse by one of his brethren. It follows that only the baldest abuses are censured by the profession. And so there was no movement to disbar either O'Brien or Bittman. Both continue to practice law in Washington. ■

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Tidbits and Outrages

Q.E.D.

We have in the past complained that too many of our best and brightest are becoming lawyers. "Anthropologists of the next century," we predicted, "will look back in amazement at an arrangement whereby the most ambitious and brightest members of each generation were siphoned off the productive work force, trained to think like a lawyer, and put to work chasing one another around in circles." Now comes the proof in " One Thousand Men of Harvard: The Harvard College Class of 1971 Five Years Later." 257 went to law school, more than did anything else.

Courting Disaster

Do you sometimes wonder why every few years there is some terrible tragedy in a coal mine? One explanation came to light recently when a UMW survey revealed that only 13.7 per cent of newly-hired miners are given training in mine safety by their companies.

Checking Up on CREEP

Nixon's Committee to Reelect the President lives on today, as the 1972 Campaign Liquidation Trust. Most of its spending has gone to the legal fees of CREEP's former employees.

The Trust started this year with $1.6 million in the bank. Its single largest expense since 1972 has been $471,390 for the defense of Maurice Stans and John Mitchell in their New York perjury trial. In addition to that, Stans has asked the Trust for another $157,697 in fees, including $18,600 for his own time (at $30 an hour) preparing evidence for the trial.

We're All Choked Up

Writers seem to become unstrung when they are writing about other writers, at least when they are striving for the telling detail. We have previously reported Mary McCarthy's revelation that Hannah Arendt had never had a corn. Now comes John Hersey in *The New Republic* to tell us that Lillian Hellman "has not vomited since May 23, 1952."

Down Home at the Library

Elsewhere in this issue we comment on the unfortunate tendency on the part of people who have moved to the Northeast to look on the rest of the country as a hopelessly dull cultural wilderness. In Washington this attitude is particularly strong, as can be seen in this article by Mike Causey in *The Washington Post*:

"He may be a nuclear scientist, super successful businessman and master politician. But Jimmy Carter wouldn't get to first base if he was after a certain $3-an-hour job at the Library of Congress, instead of a better paying post at the White House. The library, which does all sorts of interesting things besides filing books, has been looking for a narrator in the reader services section, which provides audio material for the blind. The job is a temporary one, paying from $3 to $6.75 per hour, depending upon the qualifications and experience of the person selected.

"One qualification in particular has intrigued some library staffers. It says that the man or woman who gets the job must possess 'nonaccented or nonregionalization speech.' "

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The Case for Government Meddling

Another case of virtue rewarded was reported recently by *The Washington Star*:

"...Jerry Thomas, an undersecretary of the Treasury, wears a second hat, as a member of the U.S. Railway Association board of directors. Since last April he has represented Treasury Secretary Simon on the board of the government-financed corporation, formed to restructure and to help rehabilitate the bankrupt Northeastern railroads.

"Shortly after Mr. Thomas became a board member, he saw some things that bothered him; he had an auditing team from Treasury come in and look around. The audit showed the association had used tax money to finance memberships for its top executives at lunching and country clubs, including a $5,000 initiation fee for USRA chairman Arthur D. Lewis at Burning Tree Country Club. And the audit disclosed also that the association had given lucrative consulting contracts to USRA officers after they left the corporation.... Record-keeping was so sloppy that the auditors couldn't tell on whom some $35,000 in entertainment expenses had been spent during the first nine months of this year.

"Mr. Thomas's initiative did not draw rave reviews. At the first board meeting after the audit, Mr. Thomas's fellow directors voted to censure him and, as well, refused to adopt his proposals for association documentation of who spent what on whom.

"Well, clearly, an obstreperous fellow, this Thomas. Not at all good company on a tax-financed board of directors.

"A funny thing happened after all this. An amendment was inserted in a railroad financial aid bill.... The amendment would disqualify Mr. Thomas as a member of the board of the U.S. Railway Association."

The Business of Education

A few months ago we commented, in an article called "The Firemen First Principle," on the tendency of administrators, faced with a budget cut, to fire the people who actually do the work, the firemen or the teachers, instead of reducing the number of administrators. David W. Ehrenfeld of Rutgers recently wrote about these administrators in *The New York Times*:

"...I have watched the chairman of one of our departments smuggle his state vehicles out to a local gas station to be winterized, because our university maintenance division, up to its neck in administrative red tape, charged his account a $15 'labor' fee to install a quart of antifreeze.

"I have found out that there is another set of administrators part of whose remarkable job it seems to be to guess (for Federal administrators) the race and color of each job applicant to the university, on the basis of such revealing information as their names. And there is always that wonderful administrator, a vice president I believe, who sends to every person who has had an accident in a university car a pamphlet explaining how not to have any more accidents."

Lobbied

The toughest lobby disclosure bill in years was passed last spring by the Senate, 82 to 9, and in September by the House, 307 to 34, in only a slightly different form. Yet it died because neither house bothered to accept the other's version. The newspapers reported this was because of "the parliamentary situation." Every legislative body has rules that excuse inaction on the basis of controlling legislative traffic during the final hours. The rules are the lobbyists' best friend in avoiding legislation they don't want while letting legislators get on record voting the right way.

Grubby Democrats

In "A Kind Word for the Spoils System" in our September issue, we discussed the unfortunate fact that American intellectuals tend to feel "above" politics. Here is an example of that attitude in an article by Philip Terzian in the September 18 *New Republic*:

"The pursuit of power is fundamentally a philistine occupation, and it is not likely that a genuine intellectual, mindful of history and human nature, would find the transient glory of public affairs worth the trouble."

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Why People Like You

by Brock Brower

A lot of people under thirty-five don't seem to have the foggiest why anybody ever joined the CIA. I happen to be only a few more days under forty-five, was never in the Agency, did only a very minor stint with the Special Warfare Center at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, but I once had a close acquaintanceship with an ex-agent that maybe says a thing or two about really why.

Never mind whether I first knew him in high school, at college, or abroad, since he would prefer to keep all this a little vague. Suffice it that we roomed together briefly in the early 50s, that we kept up a correspondence, that we saw each other once more between continents, that he then disappeared for five years. If I didn't know exactly where to, to do what, I knew who for. Who else? In those long bygone days—when nobody ever dropped out—there was only the one secret life, and that one was highly official. Not being able to talk about what you were really doing in Washington, D.C., was a first step up in its *sub rosa* hierarchy. But the greater awe was reserved for those who altogether absconded, went off, under deep cover, into the chill, hard-shadowed oblivion of the Cold War, for the sake of the country. Through the Company.

So he partially vanished for half a decade, and in a way, never surfaced again. Not five but fifteen years later, I got hold of an address for him, in another country, and wrote. He did not write back. Once he'd written very funny letters, mocking the Ivy-League editorialist in me, hellbent on "christenizing Europe," as he put it, "a messiah in an M.G." An old argument between us over the Evil Men Could or Could Not Be Let Do, as Nation States. But he'd gotten out of the habit of writing letters, he told me later, because he hadn't been able to explain, didn't want to pretend, why not make things easier all around by an indifferent silence?

When he didn't answer, I telephoned. I was, I admit, ferreting him out. A typical 50s phrase. The McCarthyites (Joe, not Gene) used to boast they were ferreting out the Commies and homos in the State Department, and my roommate and I delighted in turning the zoological description of a ferret—a really despicable animal—right around against them. But it fits me here, a little too well. I was after him, a bit weaselly, red of eye, related to the polecat.

He finally said okay, come ahead, but bear in mind I could cause him trouble. He'd just won an award as the best political science teacher at his university, by vote of the students, and a couple of finks in his department, in typical backbiting academic style, were threatening to expose his past ties. He was determined to put all that far behind him, for job security in a strange land, and didn't discuss the Company with anybody, ever.

We talked for two days solid, on a verbal ramble that sent us stumbling, again and again, into tangled, too-familiar pasts. He was surprised I could name so many mutual acquaintances whom I knew as well as he did

Brock Brower is a Washington writer.

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Joined the CIA

had worked for the Company. But I was chagrined that he could name so many others whom I hadn't known *had*. In a way, it was like slowly going down a dark roster of far-flung and unspoken names to find only a gathering of alumni, most of them the class idealists. In that same way, it recalled the elan of travel and adventure and hope for the world that has gone into every movement of young people upon their political fate, right down to the Peace Corps (though today's young people seem to be moving on fate a lot closer to home). But in a different, much starker way, there was that pall of secrecy over what we tried to recollect together. Cast not once, but twice. First, long ago, when work done for the Company was to be proudly hidden. And now, when so often the same work can only be sheepishly, or disgracefully, admitted.

The upshot was that I came away wanting to help him keep whatever anonymity was his, to invent some, well, code name for him. At one point, he happened to joke about his own later life, "I'm really Uriah Pariah."

Tempting, but too loaded. Echoes of Uriah Heep, Uriah the Hittite, etc. Won't do, unfair. As he insisted himself, "I never met a caricature. Nobody was a caricature. Except maybe Curtis Lemay." Nor is he one. A very real person. That is why I will call him John, because John—nondescript as it is, the same first-name-but-no-family-name way they like to answer the phones at the Company—also happens to be his real name.

John always wanted to be a diplomat. George F. Kennan, not E. Howard Hunt. (I'd brought along Hunt's spy novel *Undercover* to finish on the plane, and John acted as if he'd caught me reading political pornography.) What he put forward toward that ambition, early on, was a summa cum laude in philosophy, excellent French, and valedictorian rank in his class. That got him attention from the Company's campus representatives even before he left for Grenoble on a Fulbright. He waved them away. But when he got back from France, he was married, broke, about to be drafted, and shut out of State.

"A few years later," he still thinks, "it would have all been different." But between 1954 and 1956, the Foreign Service all but closed down to ride out what may have been a worse demoralization than McCarthyism: "Wristonization." Henry Wriston, then president of Brown University, and a sort of Council-on-Foreign-Relations narc, attempted to "rehabilitate" the Service by turning all its cranky specialists into smooth generalists. No more old China hands losing China. Any man with too much time in, say, Bangkok was to be humped off to Iceland to handle cultural affairs, then returned Stateside to the Mexican desk. Meanwhile, nobody else was *clubbable*.

This led to a huge displacement of talent in the Company's favor. "The Agency had the pick of the finest people for the only game in town," John argues. The only real players were those civilians working for the Company versus the military stationed at the Pentagon, arguing over proper Cold War strategy. "State just stood there," John says, "watching the ping-

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pong ball go back and forth." In fact, during those Eisenhower years, John Foster Dulles only used State as cover, and ran the political side of the Cold War through a separate operations chief over at the Company, his brother Allen. Far lower down, John was drawn into this hush-hush Free World game as a Job Officer Trainee. "I always thought of myself," he admits, "as a secret diplomat."

This skewed idealism was part and parcel of a loyalist-careerist spirit then abroad in the land, a hybrid combination of pride in service, liberal-leaning anti-Communism, and faceless self-advancement. Nobody, everybody agreed, could possibly lose by doing this patriotic back-alley stint instead of two years' greasy K.P. in the military. That plunged many a career-carver into the heady intelligence work that, up through the 50s, not only built the national security system but coincidentally created the country's first secret meritocracy.

Back then, for example, there was a mysterious aircraft, later called the U-2, that kept showing up at our overseas bases. At the time it was called simply "a black plane." Absolutely no markings. Much in the spirit of that midnight alumni gathering I've mentioned above, many of my friends ended up in clandestine team support of those black planes. One, now a New York publisher, sat back, miles away, and listened over earphones to strange slavic tongues on the airborne black plane's radio intercept. His job was to tell the pilot, somebody like Francis Gary Powers, if the unfriendlies were on to him, when to turn tail and pull out of another country's air space.

Another friend, now an architect, was in Morocco as a photo-intelligence officer with the Navy. His job was to analyze these U-2 photos down inside a concrete bunker, to pick the attack targets for the forward-based planes across the Midi. Sometimes he came up out of his bunker and stopped off briefly to visit me in London, before disappearing tight-lipped into the Mittle-europan distance. "Know what I was doing?" he has since told me. "Taking gold to the pilots. Because—if you can imagine this—somebody'd figured out that after they'd finished incinerating Mother Russia, they'd only have enough fuel left to fly about a third of the way back. That meant they'd be coming down—get this—in the middle of the Kurds. The thinking was that with the Kurds, gold was about your only chance of getting out alive."

I figured this for a pretty unique, air-sick Naval fantasy, until I found out that John, during the brief time he was assigned to the Air Force, was doing much the same for the Strategic Air Command pilots. John got put into the Air Force because the deal then was that a Company recruit had to prove himself with the military before he could be finally accepted, on a five-year stint, into the Company. John did his time as a general intelligence officer. One of the typically John things he tried to do was rewrite the canned Red-Menace lectures he was obliged to serve up like red meat to Lemay's winged lions. Eventually his C.O. called him in, asked how he proposed to explain to the widow of a recently crashed B-52 pilot that the Soviet threat was greatly exaggerated? Just the kind of moral conundrum to set John, who was about as good a man at breaking out of double binds as I knew in the 50s. But before he really chose to answer, they shipped him off to the Pentagon, then over to the elite shantytown around the Reflecting Pool where, before its Langley, Virginia, headquarters were built, the Company roughed it Hooverville-style.

They assigned John first to the side of the Company that works strictly on intelligence-gathering, analysis, etc. Right in the middle of the Suez Crisis. High doings, and the great relief of finding people around him who were politically sane about the Red Men-

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'This skewed idealism was part and parcel of a loyalist-careerist spirit then abroad in the land, a hybrid combination of pride in service, a liberal-leaning anti-Communism, and faceless self-advancement.'

ace. People who would later advise the White House against any attempt to invade Cuba, who would even argue that, in the struggle for the political future of Central America, the enemy was as much United Fruit as Che Guevara, who understood that the relative peace of the world depended upon avoiding confrontation, not seeking it in every unaligned boondock. And he was fascinated with the Company's efforts to keep the lines open—as all intelligence services do—to "the opposition."

In the matter, for instance, of John Thomas Downey and Richard George Fecteau. Two young Company men who had been captured in 1952 as part of an inane, paramilitary incursion onto the Chinese mainland. I know people who can remember Downey as almost glorystruck when the Yale rowing coach recruited him into the Company for the adventurous life ahead. Instead, he spent the next twenty years in a Peking jail ("I don't think it benefited anybody."), under a Company fiction that he had never been in its employ.

"Eighty per cent of the cable traffic I saw was about Downey and Fecteau," John recalls. Despite the fact that neither was officially ever to be acknowledged.

Sensitive work, handling such cables. What any bright FSO would have been damn lucky to find himself doing over at State, that young, that close to the power. John would happily have stayed right where he was.

But you were supposed to get to know—in that grand euphemism for the Company's clandestine operations—the other side of the house.

That other side of the house is lately said—after the havoc of the Congressional investigations—to lie in some ruin. But make no mistake. Even with the roof fallen in, and rubble strewn down those extra-wide corridors out at Langley, the clandestine personnel—the "spooks"—still run the place from behind their color-key-coded doors. They always have, always will. Despite some talk around, even from William Colby, that "science and technology" have thrown a scattering pale of light across the shadows once left around the world by black operations.

Consider Colby's own covert policies. When I once interviewed him as Director of National Intelligence, up at Langley, he had hanging on his office wall a crudely curved, machete-like blade, forged from an old car spring. Its killing edge had been tempered, he explained, by a South Vietnamese villager. He kept it as a souvenir of the 500,000 far more modern weapons the Company put into the hands of the "People's Self-Defense Program" after Tet. Colby still argues that Vietnam should have been kept a basically covert operation. What it came down to, as warfare, was "a back-alley struggle between rival terrorists." Something the U.S. Army was never competent—should never have been allowed—to enter, not even with half a million troops. Only the Company, with Company men, on Company time, under Company rules.

There it is again, I remember thinking, the old pingpong game between

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CIA and the Pentagon. With State still watching, just as John said, the ball go back and forth.

So, a prevailingly dark house, within which only people like John can distinguish their own gray practices. But they do. Indeed they do. There is an odd inverse ratio, on hindsight, between knowledge and virtue among those who served the Company. The less "witting" they were, the greater their surviving sense of decency about what they did. It is a terrible shock for many Company men to find out what duplicitous stratagems proceeded without them, but it is a great moral relief not to have been included.

And to be fair again, at the time John went over to the clandestine side of the house, there was great doubt and turmoil over the consequences of much Company action. Recall. These were the days of the Hungarian Revolution. To a large extent, that upheaval had been encouraged by the promissory fictions of Radio Free Europe, the Committee of One Million, etc., spawned by the Company. Rebellion was irresponsibly raised, but then there was no follow-up from the Free World in aid of the so-called "freedom fighters." Their only fate was bloodshed and exodus. A tragic Cold War episode, the aftereffects of which weighed hard upon many Company men, especially the then-Deputy Director of Operations, Frank G. Wisner.

A harsh and instructive case, showing the awful stress that the Company put upon its own people, that of Frank Wisner. Back in 1947, he had been called down to Washington to pull together the legionaries of the old O. S. S. in order to mount an international covert effort against what were once called "Comintern ambitions." It wasn't even the CIA then, only a small, dark first effort. But the sense of a Soviet threat—after the take-overs by Communist governments in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, other Eastern European countries—was profound. These brutal seizures were described by one of the leading Communists as "salami-slicing"—cutting a little off the end each coup—and the conviction grew among these first Cold Warriors that the only hope, in Italy first, then elsewhere, was to slice back.

What had convinced Wisner himself to join in this covert effort was six months in Bucharest, right at the war's end. "Frank was the first Allied officer into Rumania," his widow, Polly Wisner, recalls. He flew in secretly with a Rumanian pilot to help exfiltrate American airmen. "But then Frank stayed on, saw how people were just being herded into open cattle cars, to be transported off God knows where. It left a searing impression on him."

'High doings, and the great relief of finding people around him who were politically sane about the Red Menace.'

So he pulled together the first stalwarts for the Company's secret operations in Europe. Over the years, he built up an organization, elite and tight and imperious, that he liked to call his "great big Wurlitzer." But perhaps almost as important was the high-wheeling interchange that used to go on at the Wisner home on P Street, among the White House aides, the gentry from State, the folks sometimes down from the Hill, the Alsop brothers, and the Company men. They gathered socially into the enclave, to keep and exchange confidences that literally settled the present world order.

"Who *wasn't* there?" Polly Wisner

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remembers. "It seemed the natural thing to do." Under an unspoken gentleman's agreement that held as tightly as any security classification, or did mostly. Sometimes, though so rarely, there might be a leak. "Frank used to get furious, tell me from now on, we were seeing only people from the Agency, but a week later he'd ask me, where had all the 'newsies' gotten to?"

They were as much a part of the 50s approach to power as the Company men. Everybody was to be protected, and to protect each other, because there was total agreement on a liberal-democratic Cold War policy. In fact, the Wisner hospitality in the early 50s stood a kind of defiance to the McCarthyite hysteria and its excesses. "This was, you might call it, a 'safe house,' " Polly Wisner says. For the grand old friends and consummate diplomats like George F. Kennan and Jacob Beam and Lewellyn Thompson and "Chip" Bohlen, who were being so unfairly and stupidly savaged for their service to country. "That was Frank's finest moment. He felt very strongly against the Redbaiting." Others privy to Wisner's convictions say he took Allen Dulles himself to task for going along with his brother John Foster on that score.

That fitted with the love-hate relationship that grew up between Wisner and Dulles, stoked by their arguments over the future course of the Company. Wisner wanted to keep the operation small, along the M.I.5/M.I.6 lines he so admired from the British Services. No flamboyance, total secrecy, very few people, all very close. "He *hated* that building out there," she says of the Langley headquarters. "The ostentation. When they started, it was just two *tiny little* buildings." And for nearly a decade, Wisner followed his own straitened style through the several coups that established the Company's very early, very secret credit. "Iran was more Kermit Roosevelt than Frank, but Guatemala really *was* Frank."

But how long could things stay that old-school-tie, or even that secret? "In British society, yes," Polly Wisner says. "But not in this society. This society can't stand that kind of secrecy." More and more, and from within the Company, there was carping. Why was there nobody at the Rome station who could speak Italian? Then there was the disastrous loss of a highly placed agent in Poland, whose blown cover allowed the KGB to roll up the whole Polish network like so much chicken wire. In 1956, Dulles decided on a round-the-world inspection tour of the overseas stations. He started out one way, east to west, while Wisner headed off the other, to tidy up his stations, first Berlin, then Greece, when the Hungarian thing blew.

"He felt so frustrated. He was *obsessed* by the Russians, by their daring to go in." He hurried to Vienna, already sick with a case of hepatitis, and helped put together the escape route for the Hungarian refugees. "He started acting up there. Had the Lewellyn Thompsons very worried. Back in London, he was deeply agitated. I couldn't find out what was happening. When he got home, I took him out to the farm, and for twelve, fourteen hours, he was all revved up, struggling against it . . . . "

What he was struggling against was

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breakdown. As with any crack-up, circumstances alone cannot be blamed, but here they surely forced a rigid, proud, secret-laden man beyond what loss of lifelong cover he could endure. At his worse moments, he retreated into the fantasies of a Red-Menaced hardliner.

"I always put it down to his illness, his going more intensely into secrecy and hardline, seeing a Russian under every bed," says Polly Wisner. "He should have quit."

But he wanted to hold his own, within the Company, and at great psychic cost, he did for a time. He was reassigned as chief of the London station until the burdens plunged him into a second bad breakdown. After that, he was out. One of the shell-shocked of the Cold War.

He carried on a circumscribed life. "He was never very happy, but always terribly good." He retook the bar exam, worked on conservation interests, invested his money well. But news of any international crisis, like the Dominican thing in 1965, could drop him into the blackest brooding over the total meaning of his life. The Company, right or wrong.

That year, out on the farm alone, he found a shotgun that the caretaker thought had been well hidden away.

Even a CIA critic like Victor Marchetti can summon up memories of the pall over the Company, the sensitivity to word of Wisner's suicide: "It was treated like a killed-in-action sort of thing. . . ."

So when John moved over to the real work he was to do for the Company, he went at a time when the Company men were coming round to a view of the world struggle as far more ambiguous than their earlier "win strategy" had allowed. After Hungary, there would be far less effort to roll back Communism. Instead, there was a psychological focus on new stratagems designed to be, though still disruptive in means, more meliorative in ends. A small-step approach to a greater degree of liberalization within Communist governments was okayed. As another agent has explained to me, the idea was to help "Communists to organize for their own rights within the system." If that sounds contortedly familiar, a lot like our own McGovernites, John puts it much more baldly.

"Hell, you weren't going to win. The best you could do was a kind of countering effort." He shakes his head ruefully. "Watch out for the fanatics."

In fact, the whole bias of people like John within the Company was against fanaticism, and toward the intellectual subtleties of the conflict with the Soviets for non-brute power. He was a natural, he was soon told, for "Cord Meyer's shop." Cord Meyer had long since ceased to be much of a World Federalist, having cast his lot with the Company as a converted Cold Warrior himself. But he still carried with him that aura of a fine

' "Frank was the first Allied officer into Rumania. He flew in secretly with a Rumanian pilot to help exfiltrate American airmen. But Frank stayed on, saw how people were just being herded into open cattle cars, to be transported off God knows where. It left a searing impression on him." '

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mind focusing on a harrowing world, and ran an elite enclave within the already elitist Company, to win the battle for loyalty from the best future leaders among the non-Marxist intelligentsia.

So John joined up, to keep as far away from the fanatics as possible. So far away that when the Bay of Pigs turned into a fiasco, he felt no real concern, beyond that of any ordinary citizen. The disaster only proved what he had believed all along about the guys like Hunt et al. who worked for "Western Hemisphere." "Western Hemisphere was the Company dump for burnt-out fanatics; what else could you expect from those guys?"

On the other hand, to the fanatics, his being in Cord Meyer's shop put him with the weirdos. The weirdos did things like publish a lot of Mexican newspapers, back Wog labor unions that were full of lefties, and make a big deal out of *Encounter*, a magazine that got its cover blown so bad that Stephen Spender almost went over to the other side. Some loss. Stay away from those intellectuals.

As one such, John was sent to Paris for two and a half years, under NATO cover.

He sometimes disappeared off elsewhere as many as four days out of the week. He circumnavigated the world five times.

His wife hated every minute of it.

They dropped old friendships, all correspondence—"Really so that other people wouldn't be compromised by knowing us"—and withdrew into what John calls "the *entourage*." He still has great feeling for the members of the *entourage*. "These were clever people playing a clever game. And as much as I dissented—and I did—I also thought, 'Hell, I'm pretty good at this too.' "

The game could be called Hearts and Minds.

It has been going on in Paris for years, like, as John says, "a particularly complicated chess game." Object: to win the hearts and minds of any present or future African, Middle Eastern, or other Third/Forth World country on the geopolitical horizon. The country need not necessarily even exist at the time of play (as many did not in the 50s and 60s), so long as its potential leaders are somewhere in Paris, or the French-speaking world, as students or stevedores or other emigres from France's colonial past. The Company men (as well as the KGB) try to think enough moves ahead to "turn around" a future Togolese cabinet minister, in a carefully covered gambit of recruitment, intelligence-gathering, and "nation-building."

And the whole point was, wasn't this better than open conflict? Wasn't this really future peace-keeping? John wasn't maybe doing much toward keeping the world safe for democracy, since there wasn't too much Wilsonian hope that his clients were going to be future liberal democrats. But wasn't he at least keeping the world safe for safety?

A few years after he left, the proper term would be "stability."

He quit, really, because he didn't want to play anymore.

Yes, he says, he began to question the worth of the game. He couldn't finally see what good the Company was doing, trying to line up all those unformed, unpredictable, soon-to-be countries in advance. What was the point of interfering when the interference either lost you the country, or got it back for you in worse shape than before? He'd been part of trying to pull the Congo together when Patrice Lumumba got loose, and that had proven the arrogance of both sides. In fact, *all* sides. What's more, he couldn't see himself as a station chief, and if he stayed in, it meant going to Vietnam, and he was already opposed.

"But I never had any feeling of a threat about reintegrating."

Sure, some Company men found it hard to cut the cord, but the classic

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way to ease yourself out was to pursue an "alternative career" at night, like Georgetown Law School or some other graduate study program. John had kept up: "You'll remember I always planned to have a diplomatic career," he says, with some edge, "and then teach." So he quit, went off to California to continue his Islamic studies, pick up his doctorate. That field of academic interest. His last research had not to do with Islam, but with an abstract model of political perception. He analyzed the effects upon localized public opinion when only the Morning but never the Late edition of *The New York Times* is available to the readership. "I never teach anything that could possibly touch on my past activities."

'The game could be called Hearts and Minds. It has been going on in Paris for years, like, as John says, "a particularly complicated chess game."'

grant he got to go to Africa was a post-doctoral fellowship, almost a kind of lagniappe from the Company. . . .

Then the scandal over CIA payments to the National Student Association broke and struck him its glancing blow far off in his distant North African town. "I was ostracized."

The old colonial mores, under a new native regime, were turned on their ears. "The only one who would have anything to do with me was a British official of the Red Cross. He took me to lunch, said what a shame it was. His own government would have been so much more sensible about handling a thing like this."

The Company sent him word that gee, they were sorry, did he want to come back to work?

Thanks, but no thanks. Instead, he landed a professorship out at a small, very conservative midwestern college, where he was much in cahoots with the new president to upgrade the curriculum, the quality of students, etc. He even led a delegation to Washington to protest Vietnam. With the result that the rightwing backers of the college got rid of the new president for promoting all this activism, along with John.

His next job was out of the country.

He also completely switched his

He tries never to bring up the past in any context whatsoever, because by place and dates and circumstances alone, he is rudely recognizable. All he has to do is drop a word about Leopoldville in 1961, and he knows what the next student question will be.

"Jesus, were you a spook?"

I happen to know a Washington lawyer named John Nolan, who was not a spook, but who was much involved with the Company during the prisoner exchange after the Bay of Pigs. He was brought in by Robert Kennedy to keep an eye on details. Details not exactly being the strong suit of the chief negotiator, the late James Donovan, who had previously done the exchange of U-2 pilot Powers for the KGB's Colonel Abel.

One of the details that Nolan handled was the purchase of a scuba diving outfit for Fidel Castro.

It was to be a present from Donovan. A Company man went to Abercrombie & Fitch, bought one the right size, and then delivered it to Nolan, who took it out of a Miami safe house across the Caribbean, to Donovan.

Nolan even has photographs behind his desk of Castro in the scuba

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outfit, swimming off a yacht on a tow line, the face mask up on his forehead, the famous beard out over the black rubber cowl. The suit made a big hit, one of the many little things that helped smooth the way for the exchange that brought everybody out, including over twenty Company men.

Then, a few months ago, Nolan was able to learn for the first time from a report of the Church Committee the following:

"The Technical Services Division bought a diving suit, dusted the inside with a fungus that would produce a chronic skin disease (Mandura foot), and contaminated the breathing apparatus with a tubercule bacillus. The Inspector General's Report states that the plan was abandoned because Donovan gave Castro a different diving suit on his own initiative."

"Can you imagine?" says Nolan. "I mean, can you imagine?" Here is Jim Donovan—the guy who has already done his stuff once, a guy the Other Side trusts—down in Cuba, trying to cut a deal, very tough negotiations, very delicate discussions, everything has got to be above-board because Fidel holds all the cards, and the Company is setting Donovan up—not even telling him, keeping him unwitting—to hand Fidel Castro this nice big germ bag.

"I called one of my old contacts. Don't worry, he tells me, that idea never got anywhere here. Sure, fine, *but what did you do with the kook who thought it up?* Oh, he says, he's still around somewhere. . . ."

I recall the story here because it shows from another angle the kind of betrayal of its very own that the Company so often pursued, that I think, ultimately, is what leaves John feeling so had, and therefore, so ambivalent in his discourse on his worth to the Company, and the Company to him. Consider again. When John was in Leopoldville, attempting what half-above-board remedies he could find, another kook was actually delivering an ampule of toxic virus to the station chief, targeted for Patrice Lumumba's toothbrush.

The desperate folly of all this is that it destroyed the saving sense of honor that many like John took with them into the Company. Personal code, the British will tell you, is the only hedge against complete amorality in this business. J.C. Masterman insists it was his agents' utter integrity that really held the famous Double-Cross System together during World War II. Yet, within the Company, it was not just the fanatics who behaved badly. It was some of the best men—Des Fitzgerald, Dickie Helms, et al.—who served the Company in its worst lies and most murderous strategems.

"I think continually on those who were truly great," says Stephen Spender, the subverted editor of *Encounter*, in his only good poem. "Born of the sun, they travelled a short while toward the sun,/ And left the vivid air signed with their honor."

I dragged out these lines to quote to John on my visit. He'd been the first, after all, to introduce me to Auden, Spender, the poets of the politically conscious 30s. We had a tense, unsatisfactory exchange over this business of signing the vivid air with your honor, a point I maybe tried to press too hard. Never mind the kooks, I argued, we know about kooks. But did he really think the secret ties, the double motives, the subornation left anybody's intellectual conscience unscathed?

"They were your kind of people," he argued back. "We did a lot of good things, and I don't see it makes that much difference where the support comes from. These things," he finally said, "are always ambiguous."

But I know that for John, not so long ago, these things were not. He was always far more outraged by any abuses of power than I was. He often criticized my own haphazard editorial line as "rudderless gunboat diplomacy." And he argued strongly against any mere holding action in the

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'When John was in Leopoldville, attempting what half-above-board remedies he could find, another kook was actually delivering an ampule of toxic virus to the station chief, targeted for Patrice Lumumba's toothbrush.'

flux of history, which was the conventional wisdom among liberals, a la Reinhold Neibuhr, in the 50s. In fact, he was convinced that some sustaining absolutes—moral, not Marxist—might be inherent in the historical process. The neo-Thomists might have something there, I remember John saying. Maybe only right reason—not realpolitik—was going to bring us through the Darkness at Noon, the Age of Longing, which were Arthur Koestler's several apocalyptic names for our supposedly rapid slide into political enslavement.

And I wonder now if that kind of thinking isn't what really brought him into the Company. There were practical concerns, sure, but John really believed that people like him, like me, were honorbound to outtrade the yahoos. Their anti-communism was only a mirroring of the other Side. They had to be turned away. There had to be a grand American nobility to the coming world order. But that could only be achieved outside the shoddy, know-nothing, incoherent politics of the 50s. That is, through the Company, where it was understood, in some of the shops, that true patriotism was the last refuge from the scoundrels.

What all this cost John, after five years of the secret life, is a steep price, quoted him right out of repeated history.

"You remember how we used to argue about people who'd been in the Party," he recalled to me, "what was the right way for them to answer the three questions?"

Sure I did. As well as the three questions: Are you a member of the Communist Party? Have you ever been a member of the Communist Party? If so, who were your friends? Our conclusion back in the 50s was that any ex-Communist ought to be able freely to say No to the first question, Yes to the second question, and Nuts to the third question. There were legal problems answering in this brash manner, but Lillian Hellman got away with doing so before HUAC, as did others after her. That seemed the honorable way for any citizen to unburden himself, if he wished so to do, of a questionable political past.

"Now I know why you can't answer any of them," John said. "Nobody's satisfied unless they hear it all, and if you can't tell it all—and you never can—you better not start."

And he is right. The two of us had started, and, as much as I respected his words, knew how closely he would always judge himself, his situation, I wasn't satisfied. Nor would I, to my chagrin, ever likely be.

That is how utterly upside-down and backwards the political equation that sums up freedom and Man's Fate has been turned over the past several decades. John is as deep into political quiescence, semi-exile, unanswerable questions about a suspect life, and the vagaries of disowned conspiracy as any of the old boys who made up the Red Menace. They joined the Party in the 30s. He joined the Company in the 50s. Talleyrand didn't go far enough. It has to be more than treason that is a matter of dates. It has to be reason itself. ■

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political book notes

Public affairs books to be published in November

America In Our Time. Godfrey Hodgson Doubleday, $12.95.

Animal Doctor. Lucas Younker, D.V.M., John J. Fried. Dutton, $8.95.

Arrivals and Departures: A Journalist's Memoirs. Richard H. Rovere. Macmillan, $10.95.

As It Was: An Inside View of Politics and Power in the '50s and '60s. Henry Cabot Lodge. Norton, $8.95. A short collection of old notes, memoranda, and correspondence, strung together with some present-day commentary, all meant to recreate the years Lodge served President Eisenhower as ambassador to the United Nations. This is an unpretentious book, and rightly so; the most it does is attempt to refurbish the Eisenhower image a little, and even that only by the way. Mainly, this is just a Lodge scrapbook, fairly appealing but not very substantial.

Betrayal in Vietnam. Louis A. Fanning. Arlington House, $8.95.

Blacks and the Populist Revolt: Ballots and Bigotry in the New South. Gerald H. Gaither. Alabama, $10.75. Gaither makes the nineteenth-century Populists out to be not as bad as we thought in the 50s, and not as good as we think today. Blacks certainly played a part in the Southern Populist movement, and the movement was to some extent an attempt to organize politically along class lines—but it was never truly integrated, and the South's racism played a major role in tearing it apart. Race over class, that is, was the rule in the South.

Blind Ambition: The White House Years. John Dean. Simon & Schuster. $7.95.

Chief Counsel: Inside the Ervin Committee—The Untold Story of Watergate. Samuel Dash. Random House, $10. Nothing new on the Watergate scandal itself but lots of nice anecdotes about clashing egos among the investigators. One example:

"The sudden shift in the importance of the Watergate break-in and cover-up phase of our public hearings, with the attendant wide newspaper and TV coverage, also had a sharp impact on my top staff. After Ulasewicz's testimony, Dave Dorsen and Terry Lenzner asked to meet with me privately. They were obviously disturbed, and Dave looked embarrassed. 'What Terry and I have to say,' Dave began, 'fully recognizes that when we began working together we all agreed to chop up the investigation in three distinct areas, and that each of the assistant chief counsel would help you in a particular area, I was happy to direct the investigation on campaign financing and Terry took on the dirty tricks phase. That left the Watergate break-in and cover-up to Jim Hamilton.' Dave spoke haltingly, emphasizing particular

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points with hand gestures. 'That all seemed fair at the beginning,' Dave continued. 'But now Watergate has become the most exciting phase of the committee's work and undoubtedly will receive the lion's share, if not the only share, of live TV coverage. That will give Jim Hamilton the limelight and leave Terry and me little or no opportunity for public exposure.'

" 'So what do you suggest?' I asked, sensing the answer to my question.

"Terry, who had been sitting with a scowl on his face as Dave spoke, replied, 'Dave and I think we should change the whole deal. We have more trial experience and public reputation than Hamilton. We want to be able to share in the questioning of the Watergate witnesses.' They debated in this vein for a while, but all I could promise them was that I would present the problem to Jim and recommend a solution."

Churchill in America: An Affectionate Portrait. Robert H. Pilpel. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $10. An unlikely subject. Why would anyone be interested in a book about Churchill's trips to the United States? Well, to our surprise, we were. Very pleasant reading.

The Committee of One Million: "China Lobby" Politics, 1953-1971. Stanley D. Bachrack. Columbia, $14.95.

The Control of Oil. John M. Blair. Pantheon, $15.

The Culture of Professionalism—The Middle Class and the Development of Higher Education in America. Burton J. Bledstein. Norton, $12.95.

The Electric Wishing Well. Joseph J. DiCerto. Macmillan, $12.95.

Energy Supply and Government Policy. Robert J. Kalter, William A. Vogely. Cornell, $18.50/5.95.

On the Psychology of Military Incompetence. Norman F. Dixon. Basic, $12.50. A witty and fascinating exploration of the human causes of disastrous generalship.

The Greatest Battle. Ronald J. Glasser, MD. Random House, $6.95. An excerpt appears in the October issue of *The Washington Monthly.*

Here to Stay: American Families in the Twentieth Century. Mary Joe Bane. Basic, $10.50.

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a New Era. James H. Dygert. Prentice-Hall. $8.95.

Judgement: A Case of Medical Malpractice. Gail Kessler. Mason/Charter, $8.95.

The Lawless State: The Crimes of the U. S. Intelligence Agencies. Morton H. Halperin, et al. Penguin, $2.95.

Power, Inc. Morton Mintz, Jerry S. Cohen. Viking, $15. More than six hundred pages, spread over 47 chapters, on what's wrong with America today. Mintz, one of the best investigative reporters, and Cohen leave out very little, but don't add much new; their book is a compendium of the various scandals and outrages of the last five years, without any really original material. The overall impression, strongly created, is of a country in terrible shape, mostly due to a lack of "accountability"—that is, big institutions are going about their business without anybody keeping an eye on them. The solution is to bring about public participation in the system to the greatest possible extent, by setting up lots of checks and making lots of information public. It's sometimes hard to believe how much material Mintz and Cohen can squeeze under a single theoretical umbrella, and sometimes "accountability" seems accordingly a little too simple or obvious a solution for a bewildering series of national woes.

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Woman Doctor. Florence Haseltime, MD, Yvonne Yaw. Houghton Mifflin, $8.95.

Worlds of Pain. Lillian Breslow Rubin. Basic, $11.95. Lillian Rubin interviewed 50 randomly chosen working-class couples in the San Francisco Bay area and came away with a great many insights—not statistically provable, but quite perceptive—about working-class life in America and the role of class in general. Rubin basically believes that money determines all things and shapes all experiences, and that the lack of money has had deep, destructive effects on her subjects. They have, that is, unhappy childhoods, unhappy marriages, unsatisfying sex lives, unfulfilling work, high levels of anxiety, great difficulties in communication, and so on—all directly traceable to their economic class.

It's a persuasive case and a strong rebuttal to the school of thought that holds that since American workers are so well-paid in comparison to their forebears, they must be happy. In a thousand subtle ways, Rubin shows how her subjects' relative lack of money has hurt them.

On the other hand, one gets the sense reading this book that Rubin could make *anyone*—even middle-class and rich people—sound unhappy, so intent is she on unearthing the unpleasant side of life. Her vision seems perhaps too unremittingly bleak. In that sense, she's reminiscent of the early white civil rights theorists who would have you believe that every black person's life was uninterrupted agony; the next step in the development of the "classism" issue could well be a series of defenses, asserting working-class pride and saying that despite the economic oppression, life in gritty Oakland can be good.

Rubin is, by the way, also obviously quite interested in feminism, and much of the book—including many of its most perceptive passages—is devoted to observations on relations between the sexes, most of which need not apply exclusively to the working class, and are in fact imprisoned, to some extent, by the terms of the book.

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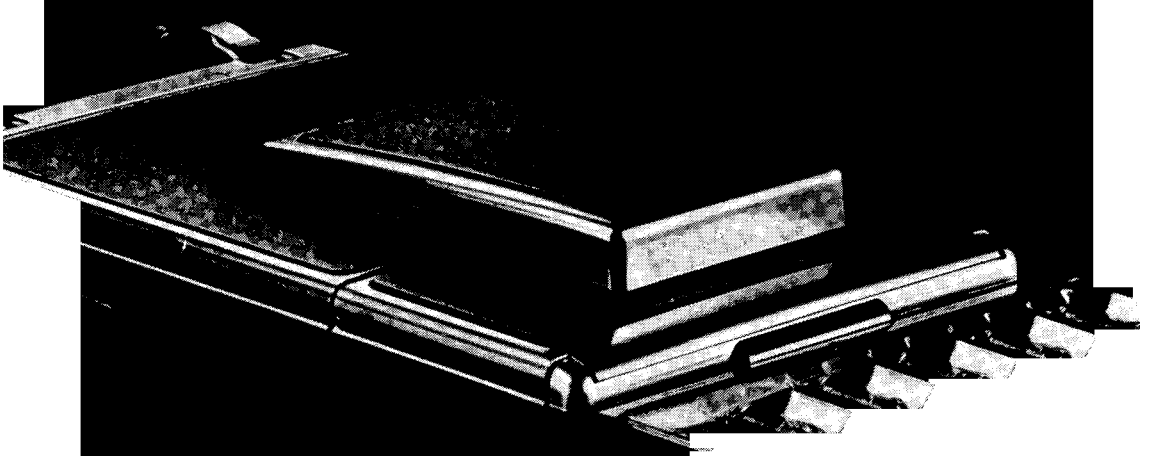

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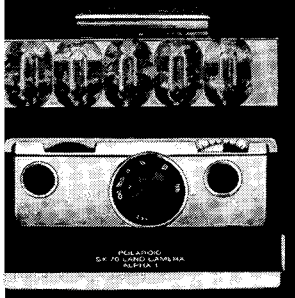

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